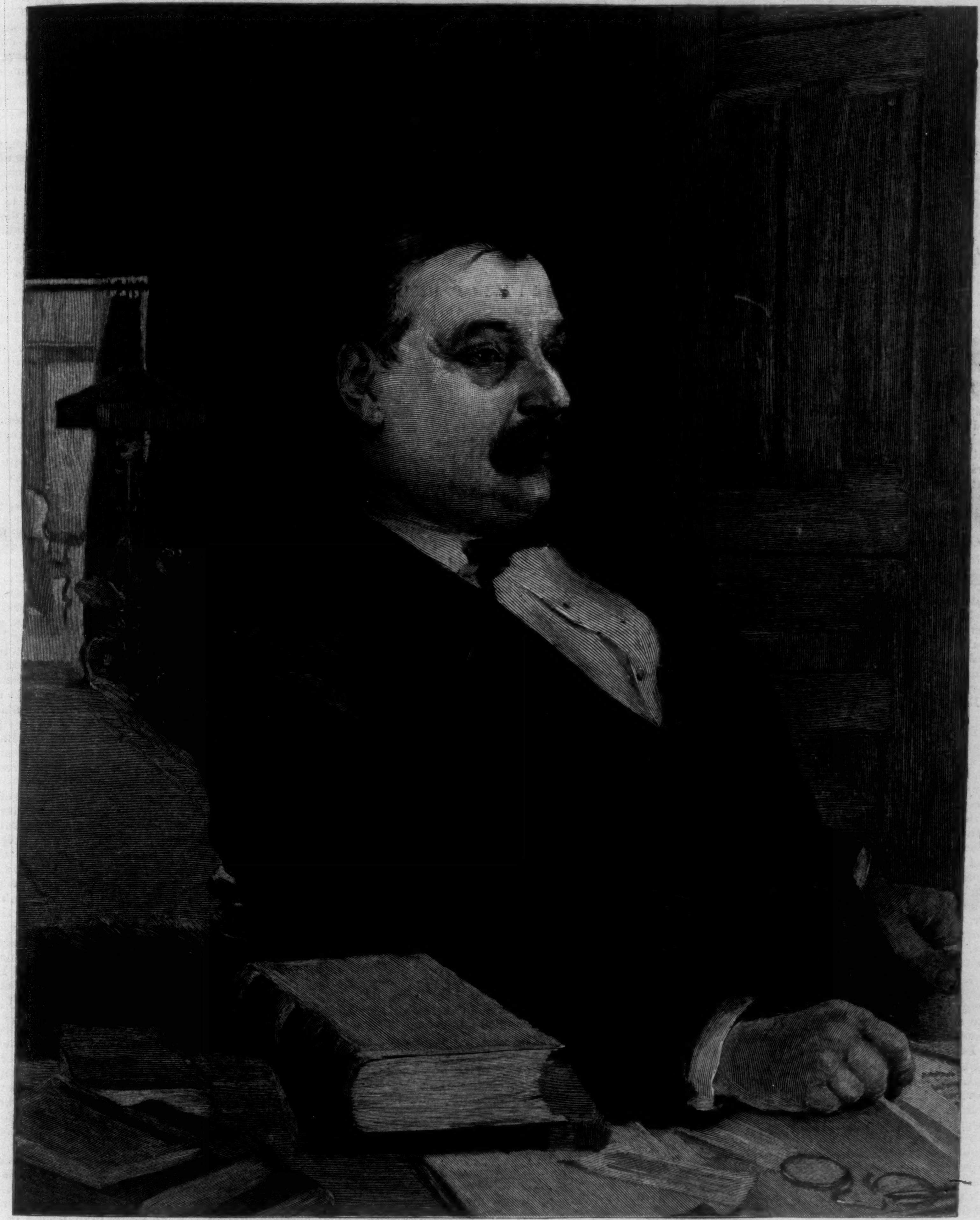
28 PAGES, WITH OVER 50 ILLUSTRATIONS, IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1854.
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

FROM A PAINTING MADE FROM LIFE, AT MR. CLEVELAND'S HOME, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

Harper's Weekly,

(Twenty-Eight Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York City, July 2, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The opening instalment of

"WOLFENBERG,"

by

William Black,

a brilliant serial story, superbly illustrated, will appear in the next number of Harper's Bazar, *published on July 2d.*

"THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD."

The fifth article in this important series—Geneva, by Édouard Rod—*will be published in the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Last April, when Mr. Cleveland went to speak in the Rhode Island campaign, the Providence *Journal*, an independent paper friendly to him, said that it was yet to be determined whether he spoke for the Democratic party. That doubt is now solved. By an overwhelming vote, with the utmost enthusiasm, and despite the desperate opposition of falsehood, slander, ridicule, and brutal blackguardism, and the united force of the most dangerous and corrupt political club in the country, Mr. Cleveland has been selected as the candidate of his party for the Presidency, and selected despite the desperate and united opposition of the delegates from his own State, and with the knowledge that the electoral vote of that State is essential to his election. This is a result wholly unprecedented in conventions, and subversive of one of their most cherished traditions—that the delegation from a State must be held to express its will. But the result is the victory of political principle, character, and courage over the lowest political trickery and degradation. The combination of Quay, Platt, Clarkson, Foraker, & Co. at Minneapolis to control the Republican nomination was humiliating, but the Democratic combination at Chicago to defeat Mr. Cleveland represented everything that honest and patriotic citizens instinctively avoid. Had it triumphed, the result, we trust, would have been decisive defeat at the polls. It was for the very qualities which commend Mr. Cleveland to general confidence that he was bitterly opposed, and a party which deliberately rejected such a candidate would have been rejected by the country.

His nomination shows the spirit and power of the new element in the Democratic party of which we spoke last week. Those who, notwithstanding their sympathy with Mr. Cleveland's views, still hesitate to support him because of the Democratic tradition, who still see in the party the old body-guard of slavery, the apologist of crimes against liberty, free speech, and a free press, and the armed force that to save human slavery would have destroyed the American Union, might as reasonably regard the Republican party as the party of the alien and sedition laws and a United States Bank. Nothing could show more clearly the change in a party whose name is unchanged than the contest and the sentiment behind it which have resulted in the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. We are far from saying that the party has not great sins and great rascals to answer for. But no honest Republican but would agree that that was true also of the Republican party. Neither of the great parties is a normal party; that is to say, they have not grown out of the issues of the times. They are both organizations which have survived the situation from which they sprang, and are adjusted to later questions.

Independent voters, therefore, regard them both as agencies to be used to promote objects which seem to them most important. From the nature of the situation, although the government is one of parties, the politics of many intelligent citizens are necessarily largely personal. The great body of independents are tariff reformers, civil service reformers, and opponents of free silver coinage, and as Mr. Cleveland represents their views upon those subjects, we presume that they will generally support him. Beyond his party he is strong in the respect and confidence of thousands who are not Democrats. That many Democrats, especially in New York, will refuse to support him is very possible. But the absence of their votes will be very much more than set off by thousands of independent votes which, under the circumstances, would have been cast for no other Democratic candidate. Whether Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison can carry New York is a purely speculative question. There will be no trading, as there was in 1888, and the Democratic opposition to Mr. Cleveland in New York is not one of principle, and is not therefore very likely to be generally persistent. For the rest it is a happy fortune that voters who hold Mr. Cleveland's views have in him a candidate altogether acceptable. Civil service reformers who were displeased by his failure to satisfy their anticipations after his election in 1884, and who therefore protested by voting for Harrison in 1888, will be now likely to record a still more emphatic protest by voting for Mr. Cleveland; for if Mr. Harrison is satisfactory to them as a reformer, they had no reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland's nomination, overthrowing the unbroken traditions of nominating conventions, is the boldest stroke in the history of such assemblies. It is emphatically the victory of honest public opinion in a party over political trickery and intrigues, and, as we have hinted, it is an event of the best significance in the annals of the Democratic party. Every man who honors political conviction, courage, and fidelity, and who shares Mr. Cleveland's views of public questions, will feel a certain moral enthusiasm in promoting his election, and his party leaders in New York who have been humiliated by his triumphant nomination will be held to the strictest account by their fellow-Democrats in the State. It is not too much to say that if Mr. Cleveland should lose the vote of New York under circumstances at all suspicious, none of those leaders would ever again be fortunate at the polls.

EXIT DAVID B. HILL.

The result at Chicago seems to imply the political extinction of Senator Hill. He is an untiring political intriguer who owed his position and opportunity to no special personal distinction or public service, but to the same qualities and methods that have made Mr. Sheehan Lieutenant-Governor. They are both of them grist ground out by machine politics. Finding himself Governor by the election of Mr. Cleveland as President in 1884, Mr. Hill began the game which he hoped would lead to his nomination for the Presidency this year. This game he played with a singleness of purpose and skill which showed him to be a very much cleverer man than the Republicans or his Democratic opponents were willing to admit. He was a peanut politician only as Van Buren and Tilden and Thurlow Weed were peanut politicians. That is to say, he thought no thread in the woof, no wheel in the machine, no detail, and no person unimportant. He was, in fact, at once a product and a master of the machine.

What he lacked was the political conviction and grasp and force which are essential to true leadership—a leadership which overthrows machines because it kindles the enthusiasm of a party. Lacking this quality, he did not believe in its power. He could not really comprehend what Mr. Cleveland meant when he said that nothing is so strong as a sentiment. Very probably, as a practical politician, Mr. Hill regarded Mr. Cleveland as a goody-goody in politics, and had the same feeling for him that Mr. Platt has for what the late Mr. John F. Smyth of Albany called Sunday-school politicians. Mr. Hill undoubtedly held that men are governed in politics solely by self-interest, and as Governor of the State he used his opportunities to construct a most obedient machine and to produce one of the most signal triumphs ever achieved by a machine—the midwinter Convention. There was nothing in that Convention but uniformity. There was no conviction, no earnestness, nothing but a sense of perfect "regularity," and the belief that regularity and precedent alone would control the conviction and desire of the national assembly of a great party. Mr. Hill saw the labor of six years maturing rapidly. The vote of New York was indispensable to the election of a Democratic candidate. The Convention surely would not outrage all party precedent by nominating a candidate against the wishes of the unanimous delegation from that State, who with the same unanimity presented another candidate. That was cocksure. And as the vote of New York was indispensable, the Convention would naturally nominate the candidate who, as the New York Democracy said, could alone carry the State. This was the course demanded by regularity and machine politics.

Mr. Hill had carried the State at the same time that Mr. Cleveland had lost it. Mr. Cleveland was not in touch with his party. He had outlandish views of reform. He was needlessly outspoken upon the currency. The soldiers hated him. The boys didn't like him. Besides, the organized party in the State rejected him. Nothing could be plainer to Mr. Hill's anticipation than that in a Convention of partisans, whose distinctive pride it was to vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated, and whose members desired as an epitaph the precious record, "he never voted any other than the Democratic ticket"—nothing was surer than that sentiment would be overcome by regularity, and Mr. Hill be nominated. The result leaves nothing of Mr. Hill, because there was nothing of him but the skill to play the game of which the same conditions will never return. If he were a leader as Clay was a leader, if his personality interested and commanded his fellow-partisans and the country, if there were great public services which he had rendered, if he were anything but an adroit political manager and schemer and intriguer, this crushing overthrow might not mean extinction. But nothing is more improbable than his reappearance as a national figure in politics.

THE MUGWUMP VOTE.

The chief oratorical performance at the Chicago Convention was a philippic by Mr. Bourke Cockran against mugwumps, delivered at two o'clock on the morning of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. It was the last despairing cry of Tammany Hall against the nomination, and is described by some ardent enemies of Mr. Cleveland as one of the noblest flights of oratory ever heard. It was a solemn warning to the Convention that Mr. Cleveland was liked by a nondescript body of citizens called mugwumps, who were in danger of voting for him should he be nominated, but who affected to be superior to the Democratic party, and were disposed to dictate to the Democratic party what it ought to do. This seemed to Mr. Cockran a wrong worthy of the most solemn denunciation. He would have no one vote for the candidate who will not confess the party. Better defeat at the polls than victory with the aid of those who will not take the party name. It was once thought no disadvantage to a party candidate that he could draw votes from those who were not of his party. But Mr. Cockran will have no such heterodoxy. Let no man vote the Democratic ticket who will not own himself a Democrat; and if any Democratic candidate is likely to receive such support, let him be anathema.

The argument seems to be that if a candidate be supported by mugwumps, he cannot be a Democrat. But this is a question of fact, not of speculation. If it should appear that a candidate does not accept the general views of his party, there can be no party obligation to support him. But how was it with the candidate against whom this oration of Mr. Cockran's was launched? If Mr. Cleveland is not a Democrat, what is he? What that may be required of good Democrats has he failed to do? What are the gentlemen who most warmly supported him? Messrs. Whitney, Fairchild, Dickinson, Vilas, Thurman, Coudert, Grace, Governor Russell, Governor Pattison, ex-Governor Campbell, and a great host besides—what are they? If they are not Democrats, what are they? If their votes and the votes of men like them are to be accepted by good Democrats as reasons for not supporting the Democratic ticket, how many States would that ticket probably carry? Are Messrs. Murphy, Sheehan, Hill, Croker, & Co. of New York better Democrats than those we have named? Nothing could be more absurd than to deny that Messrs. Whitney and his associates from all over the country are as good Democrats as President Harrison and Mr. Blaine are Republicans. Do they cease to be Democrats because the candidate whom they support receives also the support of those who are not Democrats?

The mugwump or independent vote is that of citizens who are not identified with any party because they cannot accept the conditions of such identification. A man who favors tariff reform will vote in the way that seems to him most certain to secure it. But if he holds also strong anti-free-silver views and civil service reform views, he cannot join a party which does not. In New York, for instance, at the same election he will support Republicans for the executive and the legislative branches of the government because he thinks Republican ascendency will more surely promote the interests in the State that he approves, and a Democratic President and Democratic members of Congress for a similar national reason. Is he a Republican or a Democrat? And is there any reason why he should sacrifice the State or the national interests that seem to him most important in order to call himself by a party name? He is forever told, as if he did not know it better than anybody, that great results can be produced only by party action. Certainly, and he always votes with a party to secure such results. But how can he promote tariff reform or a sound currency or reform in the civil service by joining a party which does not favor them or any of them? It is no answer to say that he must choose upon the whole, and take the party which comes nearest to his views. This is no answer, because such a choice is not necessary. If he wants tariff reform, he can vote for a tariff reform representative. If he wants high license or ballot reform, he can vote for an Assemblyman who favors them. If, however, he wants an office, we admit, he must put on the party yoke and surrender his independence.

ENGLISH AND IRISH POLITICS.

It would be an extraordinary incident if an American politician, in view of the approaching Presidential election, should go to England and make a political appeal to a body of Englishmen to supply means for carrying on the electoral contest in this country. This is what Mr. Redmond, an Irish agitator, has just done by coming to this country to raise money to aid the election of certain members of Parliament. The Irish branch of the British constituency is divided into two angry factions, and Mr. Redmond, an agent of one of them, comes over to raise money for the election. It would be a pretty spectacle if the agents of factions in German and Italian and French politics should appear in this country pending elections in those countries to appeal to American citizens of German, Italian, and French birth for aid in their foreign controversies. Those to whom Mr. Redmond appealed are presumably American citizens. They have found this country a more acceptable home than the one they have left, and they have assumed certain duties and obligations, and among them are those of not taking an active part in the politics of the countries they have left.

The man who makes his home in a foreign land and becomes its citizen does not, indeed, forget his mother-country, but follows her fortunes with feelings akin to those with which the Pilgrims at Plymouth and in the Bay watched their old home. In the later generations also that feeling survives, and the American children of the English-speaking race cherish proudly and tenderly the traditions of the older land. But from its politics they hold aloof. They do not attempt to be at once Americans and Englishmen, nor to take part directly or indirectly both in the elections of members of Congress and members of Parliament. But the Irish branch of English politics is largely carried on in this country, and America is regarded as the practical base of Irish politics. Mr. Redmond has made his appeal for his faction, against which the people of Ulster, the peculiarly intelligent and industrious and prosperous part of Ireland, are firmly opposed. It is the home of the Scotch-Irish race, which has been so marked an element in our population. What if now Ulster should send its agents to appeal to the Scotch-Irish descendants in this country for aid in the coming contest? And then if the Anti-Parnellites and the English Liberals and Tories should send their missionaries also, we should be fully embarked on the sea of English politics.

The Ulster movement is important as an echo to Lord Salisbury's speech. It holds home-rule to be a dissolution of the empire, to which Ulster will never submit. It insists upon remaining an integral part of the British Empire, and spurns the idea of an Irish Parliament. It declares to the people of Great Britain its conviction that the attempt to set up an Irish Parliament will lead to violence and bloodshed, and in advance Ulster refuses to take part in the elections for such a Parliament or to acknowledge its authority. The protest is a very strong statement, and it contains no other threat than the assertion that the effort to establish home-rule would be followed by such disorder in Ireland as has not been known within the century. Such an appeal would seem to be very powerful, and it might be supposed to have great weight with the non-conformist voters in England, for Ulster is a Protestant province. But Mr. Gladstone has recently spoken at Clapham to a non-conformist assembly, which seemed to support him as warmly as ever. He has not announced his scheme, however, nor will he do so. He is the representative of the principle, and if his party should succeed, he would consider success a mandate to disclose his plan for applying the principle to Ireland. But it is a question for England and Ireland, not for America.

PLEDGES AND PERFORMANCES.

Mr. McKinley is a truthful man, and therefore in announcing to the President his nomination he congratulated him that "most of those purposes and policies," not all, for which he was elected had been carried out. Both in the conventions of 1884 and 1888 Mr. McKinley was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In both conventions he read with grave emphasis the resolution demanding reform in the civil service. In both conventions the resolution was identically the same, and in 1888 it was preceded by a special pledge that, if successful, the party by its administration would redeem the pledge.

President Harrison, in accepting the nomination and the platform, reiterated and amplified the pledges. Mr. McKinley doubtless had this in mind when he said that "most" of them had been fulfilled. Let us see how this pledge has fared. The allegations of the platform upon the subject were that reform ought to be completed by its extension to all grades of the service to which it is applicable, that its spirit and purpose should be observed in all executive appointments; and that all laws inconsistent with it, such as the four-years laws, should be repealed. Not one of these things has been done during Mr. Harrison's term. The reports of the committee of the National Reform League upon this subject show how universally the old abuses have prevailed. The Secretary of the Navy has made a great reform in the labor system of the navy-yards; the President has added a few hundreds of persons to the classified system, but he has ravaged and looted the entire postal service and census service, he has flouted the spirit and purpose of reform in executive appointments, and neither has he recommended the repeal, nor has a Republican Congress repealed, all laws inconsistent with reform. The platform on which Mr. Harrison was elected promised a protective revision of the tariff, an election bill, and civil service reform. If the other pledges had been kept in the same way as the last, even Mr. McKinley would have owned that peradventure his god had been sleeping. It is certainly not surprising that this year the Republican platform should have politely "cut" civil service reform.

BISMARCK.

For the first time since his retirement Prince Bismarck has reappeared, going to Vienna to the marriage of his son, and the incident has disclosed the undiminished interest in the man. One of the most imposing figures of the century, and the greatest of German statesmen since Stein, his ascendency over the German people in the empire which he created was so strong and complete that it is not surprising the bumptious young Emperor should have been impatient of so overshadowing a presence, and practically have dismissed him from his service.

Were the character and views of the young Emperor so plainly those of a crowned lover of liberty bent upon a steady and progressive constitutional régime, and were his powers obviously equal to the accomplishment of great results such as Bismarck could not have approved, the retirement of the Chancellor would have had a natural and worthy explanation. But as it is, it seems due to the natural jealousy of littleness toward greatness.

The journey of Bismarck stirred all the great courts of Europe. The German Emperor, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, all hastened to instruct their ambassadors how to behave. Formal politeness at the most must be observed. The Austrian officers of state were absent, and the Russian ambassador was the only ambassador present at the wedding ceremony. But from the moment Bismarck left his home until his return he was the central figure of interest, towering above all others, and plainly touched by the ardor of his welcome. Much doubtless was due to the students, and is to be attributed to the enthusiasm with which in monarchical countries any opportunity is seized for a demonstration in favor of what the government disapproves. But the spell of Bismarck's name and personality still remains, and there is no living German of whom Germany is so proud.

UNDEMOCRATIC RULE.

The Democratic Convention might well have put an end to the absurdity of the two-thirds rule. This most undemocratic device was imposed upon the party by the oligarchy of slave-holders which so long controlled it. But it is subversive of the fundamental democratic and popular principle, the government of the majority. If one Convention were willing to restrict its action in that way, there is no reason why its successors should imitate it. No National Convention can bind any other, and none is bound by this absurd rule except by its own action in adopting the rules of the last Convention.

If the repeal at the opening of the late Convention might have seemed inexpedient, as conceding that the choice of the majority could not obtain a two-third vote, yet, when the nomination was made, a declaration of the Convention upon the subject would have been a precedent for the next Convention to take the true position. The first ballot at the late Convention would have shown that Mr. Cleveland was its choice. But nevertheless the minority might have prevented his nomination and thwarted the will of the party. A more absurd device could not be suggested, and honest Democrats should not tolerate it longer.

There is another wrong to the popular principle done by the unit rule. The votes at a National Convention should be individual. They are those of nine hundred representatives of the preferences of the whole number of districts, the majority sentiment of the whole State being represented by the delegates at large. But if there are thirty-two districts in a State, of which seventeen prefer Clay as a candidate and fifteen prefer Webster, by what right or equity should the preference of the fifteen be set aside for that of the seventeen? The law of the majority cannot be pleaded, because the object is to ascertain what do the aggregate majority of all the districts in the country desire. There are many objections to this rule, which is a regulation of the machine, and not of the independence of the party. It is repugnant to the real purpose of a nominating Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET COMPLETED.

The Democratic national ticket was completed by the nomination of General Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, for the Vice-Presidency. After a warm contest in the Convention, the selection of the Vice-President is usually left to the defeated side. In 1860, when Mr. Lincoln had been nominated over Mr. Seward, the choice of the Vice-President was submitted by the Lincoln leaders to the New York delegation, which had stood fast for Mr. Seward. But the delegation proudly announced that it had no candidate, and its vote was scattered among several names. In 1880, when Mr. Conkling struggled in vain to secure a third term for General Grant, he was asked to name the Vice-President. But he declined, and Mr. Arthur was selected, as probably entirely acceptable to Mr. Conkling and to the New York delegation.

This year, at Chicago, the New York Democratic delegation voted for General Stevenson, partly, it is said, to avenge themselves upon ex-Governor Gray, of Indiana, who would not insist upon the presentation of his name by his State, which would have prevented the nomination of Mr. Cleveland on the first ballot; and also to "get even' with Mr. Cleveland's managers, who were supposed to have promised their aid to secure the Vice-Presidency for Governor Gray if he would step aside for Mr. Cleveland. Nominating conventions are full of such bargains. In Chicago, in 1860, Mr. Greeley, late on the night before the nomination, telegraphed to the New York *Tribune* that the nomination of Mr. Seward — which he had opposed — seemed to him unavoidable. But later in the night a conference was held at which bargains were made, and Mr. Lincoln was nominated.

General Stevenson is chiefly known as First Assistant Postmaster-General under President Cleveland, in which office he was distinguished for displacing Republican postmasters more nimbly if possible than General Clarkson in the same office under President Harrison. But in our electoral system no distinction can be made between the candidates upon the same ticket. In 1884 it was impossible to vote for Mr. Cleveland without voting for Mr. Hendricks. So far as votes are concerned, however, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency neither strengthens nor weakens the ticket, and it must be a phenomenally unfit candidate for the second place who would deter a man from voting who was satisfied with the candidate for the first place.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

MRS. KEATS BRADFORD. A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

ROWENY IN BOSTON. By MARIA LOUISE POOL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

DALLY. By MARIA LOUISE POOL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

VESTY OF THE BASINS. A Novel. By S. P. McL. GREENE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

AN EDELWEISS OF THE SIERRAS, Golden-Rod, and Other Tales. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

DIANA'S LIVERY. A Novel. By EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, Author of "An Earthly Paragon," begun in this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A NEW ENGLAND NUN, and Other Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE, and Other Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE HERESY OF MEHETABEL CLARK. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

SEVEN DREAMERS. A Collection of Seven Stories. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

A CAPILLARY CRIME, and Other Stories. By F. D. MILLET. With Two Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

TALES OF A TIME AND PLACE. By GRACE KING. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

VAN BIBBER AND OTHERS. Stories. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

THAT ANGELIC WOMAN. A Novel. By JAMES M. LUDLOW, 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

A KING OF TYRE. By JAMES M. LUDLOW. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. By JAMES M. LUDLOW. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

IN THE VESTIBULE LIMITED. A Story. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. ("Harper's Black and White Series.")

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY. A Novel. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

FLUTE AND VIOLIN, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

IDUNA, and Other Stories. By GEORGE A. HIBBARD. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.

W. D. HOWELLS'S NOVELS:

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM. A Story. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.

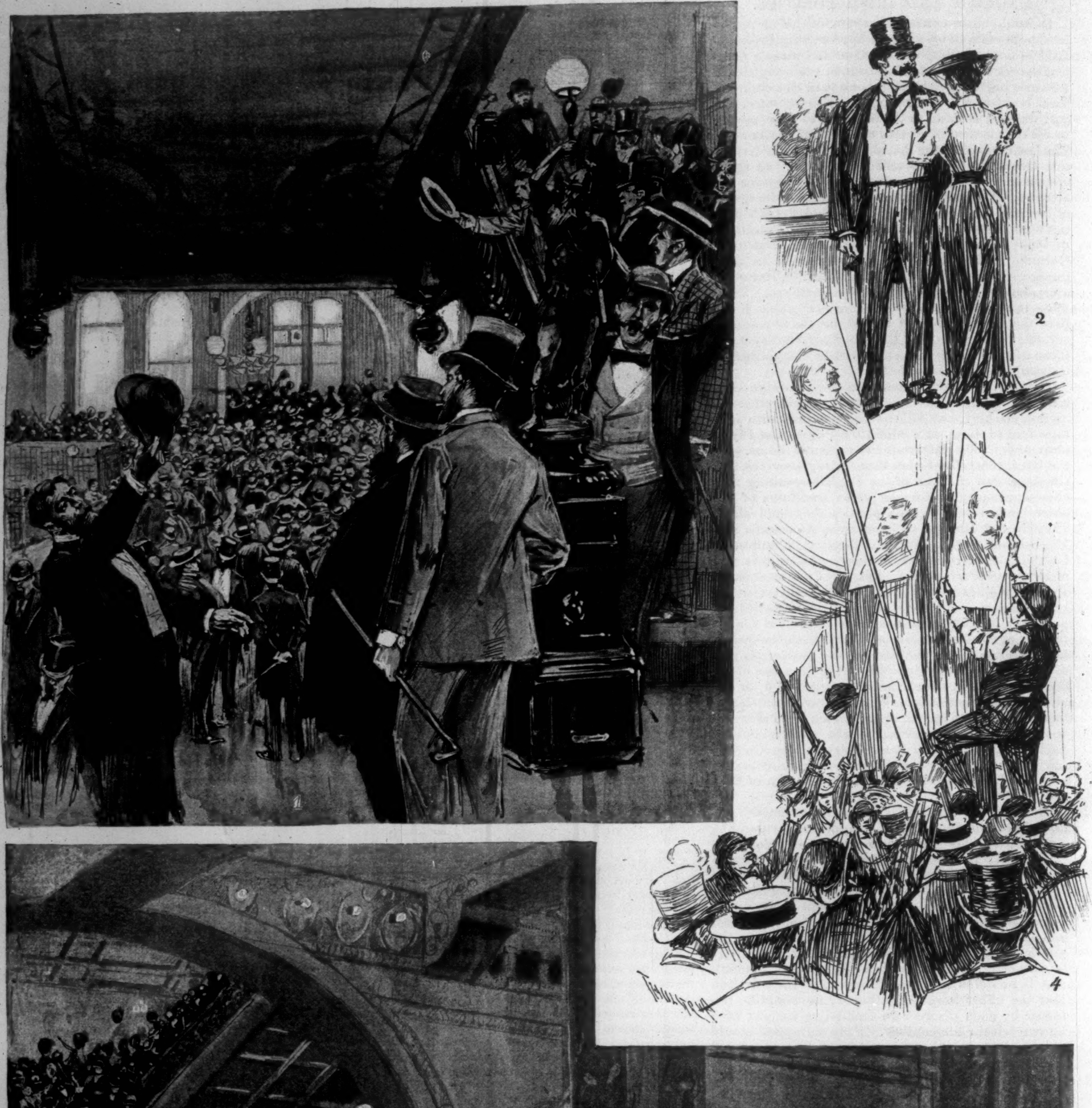
A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES. A Novel. 2 Volumes, 12mo, Cloth, $2 00; Illustrated, 12mo, Paper, $1 00; Illustrated, 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

APRIL HOPES. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, 75 cents.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, 75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*



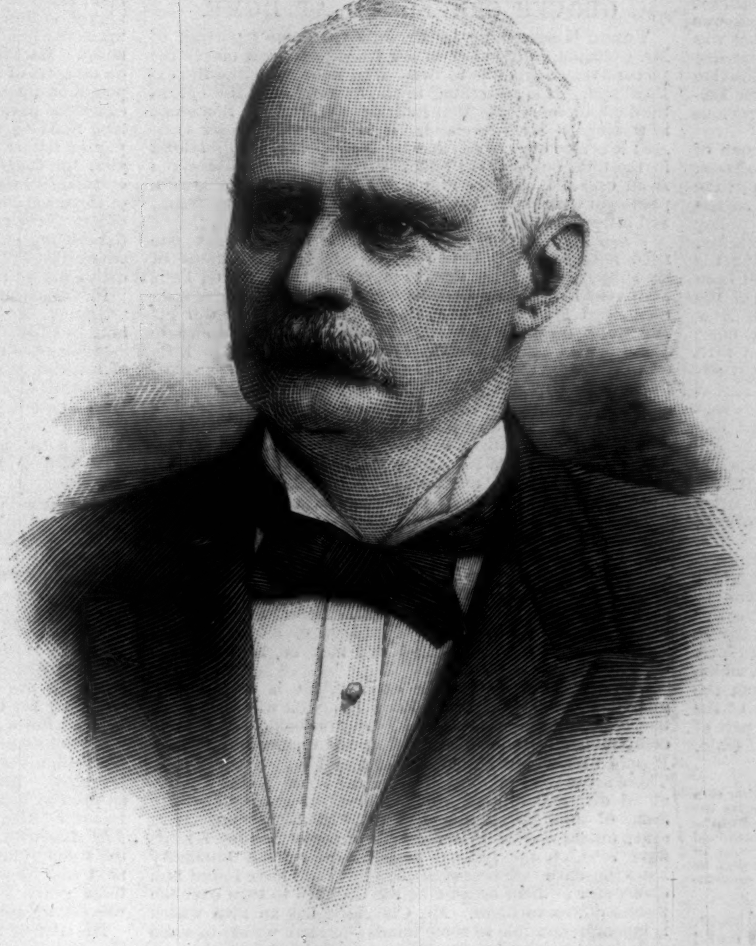
SKETCHES AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after Sketches by T. Dart Walker.

1. Corridor of the Grand Pacific Hotel—Headquarters of the Cleveland men from New York. 2. Ladies pinning Cleveland badges on the coats of visitors at the Cleveland Headquarters, Palmer House. 3. Tammany Hall Headquarters in the Auditorium Hotel—Cheering for Hill. 4. In the Corridor of the Palmer House—Friends of rival Candidates settling the question of whose Portrait shall hang the highest.

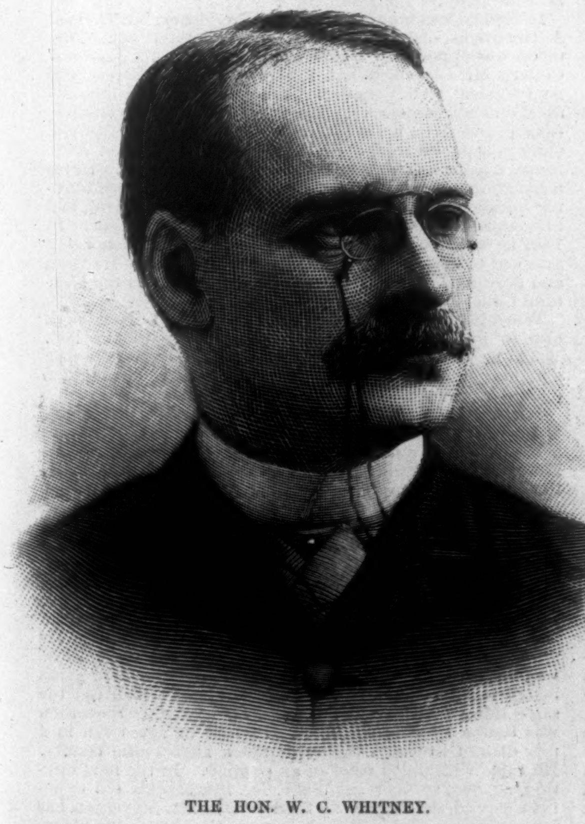
THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

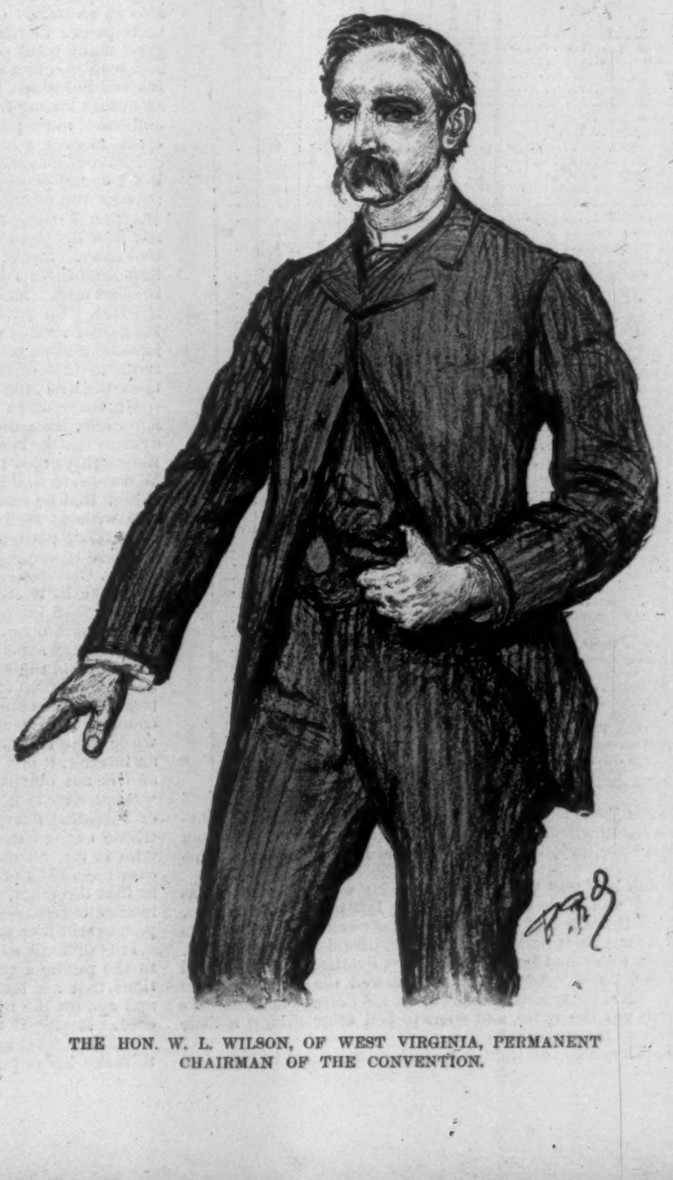
So far as the best available horoscope of it could foresee, the Democratic Convention which met at Chicago on the 21st of June was doomed to an even greater depth of dulness than the preceding Convention of the Republican party at Minneapolis. The nomination of Harrison was held to be a foregone conclusion for the one, and the nomination of Cleveland for the other. There was this difference: the Republican dissidents had and the Democratic dissidents had not a "magnetic" candidate to oppose to the regular candidate. There is no Democrat except Mr. Cleveland himself who can be said to have the same hold upon the masses of his party that Mr. Blaine has had upon the masses of the Republican party. The "Hill boom" consisted, as to its nucleus, in a solid delegation from New York. A solid delegation that casts seventy-two votes is necessarily an object of respect in a National Convention. Democratic National Conventions are rather in the habit of experiencing from New York doleful prophecies of defeat in case they choose for a candidate the Democrat who is most popular elsewhere. Tammany made this gloomy prediction concerning Mr. Tilden in 1876, and concerning Mr. Cleveland in 1884, when the prophecies were brought to naught by the fact that the object of them was not only chosen President, but was chosen President by the assistance of New York.

The difference in this case was that Tammany was not only "regular," but composed part of a State delegation that was unanimous against the apparent leader of the party. A sneering Briton once said, in explaining the lack of social success of a minister of the United States at the court of St. James, that "he dyed his whiskers, and he wore his hair long, and he turned it under, and he had to take the consequences." By dint of very persistent industry Mr. Hill had obtained a solid delegation from New York that included a solid Tammany delegation in the character of regulars, and not of bolters. As the sequel showed, he had to "take the consequences." The means by which the solidity of this delegation was obtained were so questionable, and the solidity of the delegation itself seemed so suspicious, in view of the well-known attachment of a great number of the Democrats of New York to Mr. Cleveland, as to give rise to the Syracuse Convention, and to the sending to Chicago of what was nominally a contesting delegation, but really an "army of observation."


THE HON. A. E. STEVENSON, OF ILLINOIS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

How much service this delegation did in the way of enlightening the delegates of other States as to the position of affairs in New York it is quite impossible to estimate, though doubtless it was considerable. As a contesting delegation it did not even figure in the Convention. In response to an invitation from a committee representing the delegates of thirty-five States, the delegation did not even appear as a contestant before the Committee on Credentials. The invitation, if we may call it so, to abstain from contesting was put upon the cheerful ground that inasmuch as the delegation favored Cleveland, and as Cleveland seemed sure to be nominated, a contest of the seats of the Hill delegates, foredoomed to failure, would be injurious to "harmony," and the invitation was accepted upon this same amusing ground. It may be said, however, that the indirect influence of the contesting delegation was considerable, not only upon the Convention in general, but upon the Tammany part of the New York delegation in particular. It was very noticeable that the Tammany delegation at Chicago refrained from the use of any language that would incommode it in the least in the event of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. This is very remarkable, and quite without precedent. It seemed that the native hue of the Tammany revolution had been in some manner sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Perhaps this reflective state of mind may have been in some degree promoted by the remark of one of the most distinguished of the Syracusans, who was asked in Chicago what he and his associates would do in case Cleveland was not nominated, who made answer that in that case they would go home, and endeavor to redeem the municipal government of New York! A contesting delegation of persons actuated by such sentiments could not very well represent any candidate before the Convention. The representation of Mr. Cleveland was accordingly assumed by Mr. William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, who though not a delegate had kept himself quite clear of the factional entanglements of his own State, and was therefore in a condition to appear as the *deus ex machina* of the Convention, for the very reason that he did not appear either from the machine or from the anti-machine.


THE HON. W. C. WHITNEY.


THE HON. W. L. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA, PERMANENT CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.

The delegates began to gather before the Sunday preceding the Tuesday that was to open the Convention. It was evident that the candidacy of Cleveland was so predominant that only by a combination between the supporters of all the other candidates could his nomination be prevented on the first ballot, in spite of the traditional "two-thirds rule" that hampers the action of Democratic conventions. Of these rival candidacies but two were visible—those of Hill and of Boies. The supporters of the former were for the most part of the kind flippantly known as "rounders," and of the latter those who are with equal flippancy described as "Grangers." In fact, Chicago is said to have been very much startled by the appearance in its streets of a deputation from Iowa for Boies, several hundred strong, of the type celebrated by a bard of Kansas as "one-gallus men." The amalgamation was not easy, for whereas the supporters of Hill, though in quest of "anybody to beat Cleveland," were much addicted to their own "favorite son," the supporters of Boies were merely anxious to secure the success of their candidate, and beyond that had neither preference nor animosities. The "first gun" was fired on Saturday, in the form of the publication of a letter from Mr. Hill, written last December, putting upon some rather Orphic utterances of his on the silver question the interpretation that he favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The publication was taken as a "bid" for the twenty-six votes of the silver States. Nevertheless, the efforts at coalition made no progress. The most promising of them was an effort to concentrate the anti-Cleveland vote upon Senator Gorman of Maryland, and this appeared to offer some prospect of success until Mr. Gorman himself arrived in Chicago. He lost no time in informing an Associated Press reporter that Maryland was for Cleveland, that he himself was not a candidate, and that the talk about him was "misleading and unauthorized." After this there was really no attempt at combination that gave any promise. The efforts of the opponents of Cleveland were limited, as the last issue of the Weekly announced, to arraying more than a third of the Convention against him so as to prevent his nomination on the first ballot, and the more attempts were made, the more desperate became this hope, for the reason that the evidence became more conclusive that more than two-thirds of the delegates favored his nomination.

The Convention itself was of almost unprecedentedly short duration. It lasted, indeed, for three days, but the first day of a Convention is always devoted to organization, and on the second the main business of the Convention was over—the adoption of a platform and the choice of a candidate, though this choice was not effected until the session of the second day had lasted until half past three in the morning of the third. The first day's session was dull, even beyond the dulness of first days, consisting of little beyond the speech of the temporary Chairman, Mr. Owens, of Kentucky, and the appointment of committees, but its dulness was enlivened by an incident quite unprecedented, and that was the adoption of a resolution of sympathy with "that distinguished American, James G. Blaine, in the heavy affliction which has befallen him," being the death of his son Emmons, which had occurred in Chicago during the previous week.

On the second day, being Wednesday, the Chairman of the Convention, Mr. W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, took the chair, with a speech that excited the enthusiasm of the Convention, and that was, indeed, very memorable as one of the most skilful and eloquent expositions of the policy of a party that has ever been made upon a like occasion. Excepting this, nothing noteworthy happened during the morning session. The Committee on Credentials had been deprived of any important function by the refusal of the Syracuse delegation to contest the representation of New York, and the Committee on Resolutions asked for more time. So after the Convention had been entertained with speeches from distinguished members of the party it adjourned before two, to meet again at five in an all-night session that was virtually to finish its business. At the evening session the Committee on Resolutions reported the platform. The first plank deals with the danger of centralization, the second denounces the force bill, the third is the tariff plank, the fourth denounces "sham reciprocity," the fifth trusts, the sixth the bestowal of the public lands upon corporations, the seventh is the silver plank, and the others, reaching to the twenty-second, are of minor importance. The silver plank declares that "the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, to be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts." A silver delegate from Colorado proposed a substitute, which was voted down. The tariff plank as reported from the committee was not adopted in full. Its denunciation of the McKinley law was retained, but in place of the first part of it there was substituted, on the motion of Mr. Neal, of Ohio, and by a vote of 564 to 342, the following:

> "SECTION 3. We denounce the Republican policy of protection as a fraud on the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered."

After this the anti-Cleveland delegates tried to adjourn, in hopes of finding at last the "combination" that could command a third of the Convention; but the Cleveland delegates, confident of their own strength, and distrustful of their adversaries, insisted upon proceeding to a ballot. The rain came on, and the new "wigwam" in which the Convention was held leaked so that the delegates opened umbrellas, but the work of the Convention proceeded. Cleveland, Boies, and Hill were the only candidates presented—the first by Governor Abbett, of New Jersey; the second by Mr. Duncombe, of Iowa; and the third by Mr. De Witt, of Brooklyn. The result of the first ballot was foreseen by everybody, and the details of it follow:

States.	Delegates.	Cleveland.	Hill.	Boies.	Gorman.	Carlisle.
Alabama	22	14	2	1	1	..
Arkansas	16	16	..	..	..	..
California	18	18	..	..	..	..
Colorado	8	..	3	5	..	..
Connecticut	12	12	..	..	..	..
Delaware	6	6	..	..	..	..
Florida	8	5	..	..	..	3
Georgia	26	17	5	..	4	..
Idaho	6	..	..	6	..	..
Illinois	48	48	..	..	..	..
Indiana	30	30	..	..	..	..
Iowa	26	..	..	26	..	..
Kansas	20	20	..	..	..	..
Kentucky	26	18	..	2	..	6
Louisiana	16	3	1	11	1	..
Maine	12	9	1	..	1	..
Maryland	16	6	..	..	9½	..
Massachusetts	30	24	4	1	..	..
Michigan	28	28	..	..	..	..
Minnesota	18	18	..	..	..	..
Mississippi	18	8	3	3	4	..
Missouri	34	34	..	..	..	..
Montana	6	..	..	6	..	..
Nebraska	16	15	..	..	1	..
Nevada	6	..	..	4	2	..
New Hampshire	8	8	..	..	..	..
New Jersey	20	20	..	..	..	..
New Mexico	6	4	1	1	..	..
New York	72	..	72	..	..	..
North Carolina	22	3⅓	1	1	..	..
North Dakota	6	6	..	..	..	..
Ohio	46	14	6	16	5	5
Oregon	8	8	..	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	64	64	..	..	..	..
Rhode Island	8	8	..	..	..	..
South Carolina	18	2	3	13	..	..
South Dakota	8	7	..	1	..	..
Tennessee	24	24	..	..	..	..
Texas	30	23	1	6	..	..
Vermont	8	8	..	..	..	..
Virginia	24	12	11	...	1	..
Washington	8	8	..	..	..	..
West Virginia	12	7	1	..	3	..
Wisconsin	24	24	..	..	..	..
Wyoming	6	3	..	..	3	..
Alaska	2	2	..	..	..	..
Arizona	6	5	..	..	1	..
District of Columbia	2	2	..	..	..	..
Indian Territory	2	2	..	..	..	..
Oklahoma	2	2	..	..	..	..
Utah	2	2	..	..	..	..
Total	910	617⅓	115	103	36½	14

Of the "scattering" votes Mr. Morrison received 2; Governor Campbell, 2; Mr. Whitney, 1; Mr. Stevenson, 16⅔ (from North Carolina); Governor Pattison, 1; and Governor Russell, 1.

It was half past three in the morning when this result was reached, and there was no shouting left in the Convention, though Bedlam had broken loose for twenty minutes when Governor Abbett first mentioned Mr. Cleveland's name; and, though there had been much vocal exertion over Mr. Hill and Mr. Boies. Adjournment followed the nomination at once. Mr. Cleveland had sat up at his cottage at Buzzard's Bay to get the news, and went to bed after giving a little speech to the reporters.

On Thursday the tired delegates reassembled to complete their work. Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana; Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois; Judge Allan B. Morse, Chief Justice of Michigan; and John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, were nominated. Before the roll-call was concluded Mr. Stevenson had received a two-thirds vote, and his nomination was therefore "made unanimous."

GROVER CLEVELAND AT HOME.

THERE is something in Mr. Jule Goodman's portrait of Mr. Cleveland, presented on our front page, that makes the picture very attractive to those who know and like the ex-President. It is something in the expression of the eye, in the look of intentness that indicates sympathy. Some one is talking to Mr. Cleveland. It is very easy to see that. And it is also easy to see that the listener is not only taking in the talk, but that the talk is suggestive. Mr. Cleveland is an excellent listener and a frank talker. Sometimes a politician with an axe to grind discovers that he is too frank, and altogether too quick in his answers.

When one is asked to write about a man at home, one need not necessarily be a constant visitor at the house of his subject. I confess that I am not that, and that I have been very little in Mr. Cleveland's house. Still, I have been there, and I have the advantage of knowing some of his most intimate family friends, whose views of the domestic atmosphere of the Cleveland home coincide with the little that I have observed. Therefore I feel at liberty to say something on the subject.

Marriage naturally makes a change in a man who has lived a bachelor for as many years as Mr. Cleveland did, and there is perhaps a difference between the man who dwelt alone in the White House during the first months of his Presidency and the man who practises law in Wall Street. But the difference is not so marked as it is probably supposed to be. It is difficult for one who sees Mr. Cleveland infrequently to say, however, wherein the difference lies. Perhaps he is a little readier to listen to what the other man supposes to be reason. Perhaps he is a little more indifferent to the personal consequences of what he says about politics and politicians. Perhaps he is more willing than he was to devote an hour or more to useful idleness. Whatever the difference may be, let the social chemist discover.

One thing is certain, the ex-President is very gently guided, and the friends who knew him well when he was a bachelor, do not find him any less approachable, any the less companionable, than he was before his changed condition. People who do not know Mr. Cleveland may not like him. There are a good many persons in the country who are not at all disposed to give him the meed of good-fellowship. Some of these do not like him for what his enemies have said; others dislike him for what superserviceable friends have said, on the general principle that weak humanity hates those who are over-praised; others still have found him distasteful to them because he has declined to turn over the public offices to them. Mr. Cleveland has an idea which is incomprehensible to some minds—or shall we say to some consciences?—an idea that he has no more right to bestow the public offices as rewards for party or personal services than to distribute the public money for the enrichment of his acquaintances. Undoubtedly a good many worthy gentlemen are out of politics because Mr. Cleveland would not let them in at a time when getting in would have done them a vast amount of good. Some of these disappointed gentlemen were particularly struck with the brusqueness of the denying "No," or with the coldness of the denying manner, and they are very sure that there is a deplorable absence of warm blood in the veins of the man who has so grievously wounded them.

They are mistaken, although if a man proposes to have even a few friends in this agreeable world, he must possess also an abundant crop of enemies, who will do what lies in their power to make the world a weary one. There are a good many good people who know Mr. Cleveland very well and who like him very much, and if a man can be tested by his comradeships, the man who can find enjoyment during an outing lasting for weeks with so sweet a nature as Joseph Jefferson, must possess a good deal that may be put to his credit in casting his social account.

I have been asked to write about Mr. Cleveland at home, but I do not propose to tell the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY how the ex-President's eye beams as he draws near his Madison Avenue house or his hired cottage at Lakewood, nor how his steps quicken when he hears the cooing of his new baby. I can't describe Mr. Cleveland's conduct towards that infant, for I have never had the pleasant opportunity to observe it. Moreover, I don't think I would tell about it if I had. To say that Mr. Cleveland is glad to get home to his family strikes me as a good deal like saying that he is a rational human being who prefers the society of the drawing-room to that of the stable, and enjoys the delights of life more than its labors.

Mr. Cleveland's home is very charming, and he is a very agreeable, unassuming, and interesting person in it. It is evident that he is well taken care of, and that he is content to thoroughly enjoy the pleasant domestic atmosphere in which he dwells, to find his wants provided for and his tastes consulted, that he can go on living the life which he chooses to live without feeling the friction of any change that may have taken place in its conditions.

There is nothing unusual about the domestic atmosphere of Mr. Cleveland's home. It is apparent that the people who live in it are happy and contented, and that they all have a joint interest in what is done there. Mr. Cleveland likes to talk about politics, and especially about politicians. He has very strong opinions about men, and, as may be expected from the freedom of his public utterances, he has no hesitation about expressing them. Perhaps it would be interesting if, in such a paper as this, I could say with precision what interest Mrs. Cleveland takes in politics, but while there can be no doubt of the fact that she does take an interest, it is a peculiarly feminine interest, I should say, and is not obtrusive. There are hundreds of fashionable women who talk more about politics than the wife of the ex-President does, especially about the fortunes of men in whose careers they are interested. But a simple woman, who is not *fin de siècle*, does not easily take a wide range over the affairs of men. She is happier in a bounded vision in that direction, finding a more satisfactory outlet for her intellectual and spiritual nature in interests that old-fashioned people still love to regard as feminine.

It is difficult to talk about a man at home without telling to the public a good many of one's thoughts and observations that are best within the recesses of one's own mind, and against the temptations to yield let us pray to be delivered. Really, if the readers of the WEEKLY want to know what Mr. Cleveland is at home, those of them who can ought to make his acquaintance. For those of them who cannot do their own observing, it ought only to be necessary to say that a welcome visitor finds the ex-President very comfortable, contented, relaxed. He will talk about what the other man likes to talk about. He will be interested in the gossip of the day.

It is probable that more people feel that they have a personal interest in Mr. Cleveland and his family than has been manifested in any other ex-President. The flattery of this regard is touching, no doubt, but the demands it involves upon the time and strength of the two recipients are enormous. Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland get tons of letters on all sorts of subjects, and they are both very conscientious people in the matter of answering letters. Sometimes these exactions have been very nearly akin to cruelty. Mr. Cleveland finds on the table at his office every morning a huge pile of letters from all sorts of people, some of them begging for contributions, some of them requesting elaborate opinions on political or constitutional questions, while some of them are simply friendly expressions of the hope that the object of their admiration will consent to be a candidate in the coming Presidential contest. It is a hard day's task to answer these letters, but Mr. Cleveland performs it with his own hand, so far as it is necessary to perform it at all.

Perhaps the best illustration that can be given in this article of Mr. Cleveland's kindliness is an extract from a note in which he commends Mr. Goodman's portrait:

"I have to-day," he says, "seen Mr. Goodman's picture of me, and am much pleased with it, both as a likeness and a picture. I am more convinced than ever that care and a willingness to hear the judgment of others have done much in aid of Mr. Goodman's great skill."

It is a dull man who cannot realize from this the kind of friendship of which Mr. Cleveland is capable. H. L. N.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

GROVER CLEVELAND, who has just been nominated for the third time by the Democrats for President of the United States, was born in the little village of Caldwell, New Jersey, fifty-five years ago. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and moved to Fayetteville, New York, when his son was four years old. There Grover Cleveland went to school, and also at Clinton, to which his father went later. The Rev. Mr. Cleveland moved to Holland Patent, and died there when his son was fourteen. When his father died it was necessary for Grover Cleveland to make his own way in the world. For a year or more he was a clerk in a village store. Then he came to New York and taught in the New York Institution for the Blind, of which his elder brother was principal. In 1855 he started West with a companion, but stopped at Buffalo, where he made his home with his uncle, Lewis F. Allen, and assisted that gentleman in compiling *The American Herd Book*. This work completed, he began the study of law. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar. The next year he was Assistant District Attorney, and served for three years. Then he practised law until 1870, when he was elected Sheriff of Erie County.

His term of Sheriff expired in 1873. He resumed the practice of law, which was not interrupted until he was elected Mayor of Buffalo in 1880. Then his public career may be said to have fairly begun. He started out by examining all the ordinances and appropriations made by the City Council with great care, and he did not hesitate to veto those which he regarded as unwise, illegal, or wrong. The politicians and little city bosses were aroused, and the people were pleased. The next year there was to be a Governor elected in New York. General Slocum and Mr. Flower were the principal aspirants for the Democratic nomination. The Buffalo men presented Mr. Cleveland's name, and he was nominated, Mr. David B. Hill being placed on the ticket as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. He was elected by a majority of 192,000 votes over the Republican candidate, Judge Folger. This unprecedented victory made the Democrats of the country look towards this new man as a possible candidate for the Presidency.

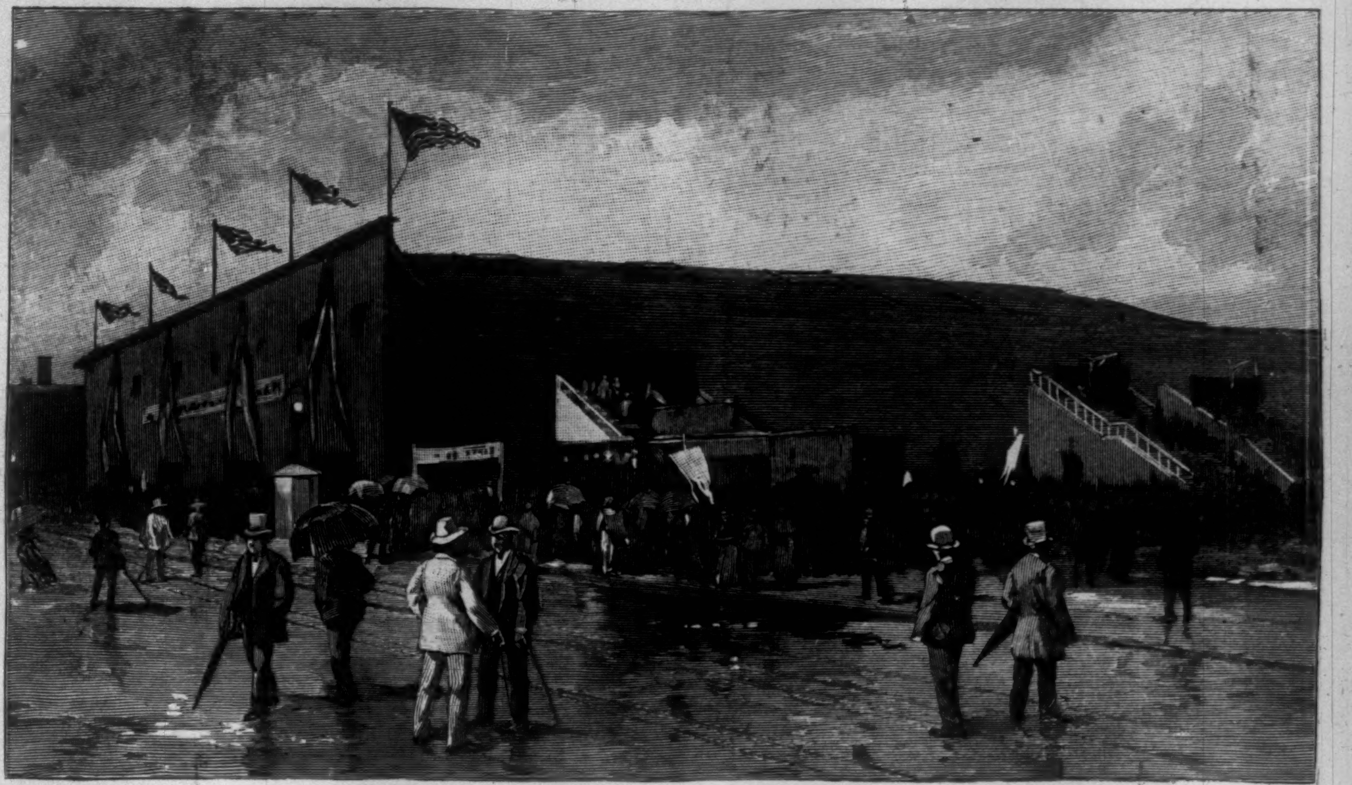
In 1884 he was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, being second on the ticket. This ticket was opposed by Blaine and Logan. In the Electoral College Mr. Cleveland had 219 votes and Mr. Blaine 182. As President he but continued the policy that had been his as Mayor and Governor. He worked hard and conscientiously, and lived up to his famous declaration that public office is a public trust. He exercised the veto power more frequently than any other President had ever done. In his message to Congress in 1887 he declared that the one burning question of importance was a reform of the tariff, and he compelled his party to make that the great issue. In 1888 he was renominated, Judge Allen G. Thurman being assigned to the second place. The opponents were Harrison and Morton. Mr. Harrison received 233 votes in the Electoral College and Mr. Cleveland 168.

When his term expired Mr. Cleveland came to New York city to live, and entered upon the practice of the law. While he was President he married Miss Frances Folsom, a daughter of a former law partner. They have one child, a daughter.

Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, the nominee for Vice-President, was born in Christian County, Kentucky, fifty-seven years ago. When he was seventeen his family moved to Bloomington, Illinois, but he was sent back to Danville, Kentucky, to complete his education at Centre College. Shortly after he was graduated he married the daughter of the president of the college, Dr. Lewis Green. He studied law in the office of the late David Davis, and began practice in Metamora, Illinois, in 1858. Here he continued practice until 1868, when he moved back to Bloomington. In 1864 he was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket. In 1874 he ran for Congress in a district usually Republican by 3000 majority. He was elected by 1285 majority. He ran again in 1876, but was beaten by 200 votes. In 1878 he was more successful, and carried a district that two years before had given Hayes 2000 majority, and which did the same thing for Garfield in 1880. This year Mr. Stevenson was beaten by only 200 votes. In 1882 he again ran in a new district in which there was not a Democratic county. He came within 350 votes of an election. In the next election, against another candidate, Mr. Stevenson's old opponent carried the district by 2700 votes. Mr. Stevenson has long been regarded in Illinois as exceptionally strong before the people.

In 1884 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and after Mr. Cleveland's election was pressed by his friends for the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General. He was appointed, and served during Mr. Cleveland's administration. He made a popular officer with the politicians, and was very active in replacing Republicans with Democrats in the fourth-class post-offices. Mr. Stevenson has been a successful lawyer and business man, and is regarded in his own section as a man of means.

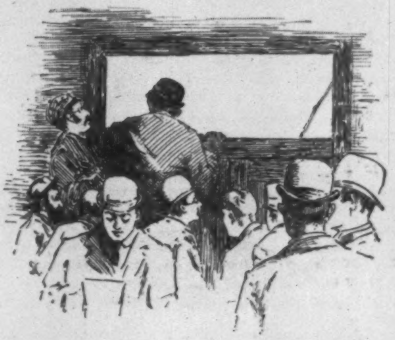
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE WIGWAM.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

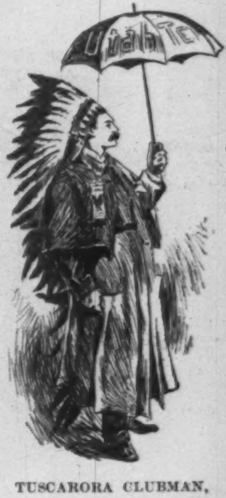
Rain, humidity, and rain was the lot of the delegates in Chicago, with a short day of very hot sun. The sunny day was Wednesday — the thermometer doing its best to make a record, and when the afternoon session opened everybody brought an umbrella. No matter what the state of the weather, an umbrella was a blessing, for it was needed to keep off both rain and sun. The Wigwam was like the hot room of a Turkish bath that day; in the night the parallel was continued, and the unruly mob of spectators and the helpless delegates were drenched by the shower-bath from the roof. Umbrellas were even necessary inside the building, and the pilgrims to the National Democratic Convention of 1892 blessed the genius who devised the skeleton rain-protector. But beyond the umbrella, there were very few blessings wasted during that exciting session.

Everybody was tired—the mob, the delegates, and the unfortunate newspaper men. It was no fun to collect news in a crowd like that of the Chicago Convention. The reporters worked hard night and day, although their despatches, which were read morning and evening, bubbled with good-nature, and omitted nothing of interest. When a man has to be boosted up on the shoulders of a couple of other reporters in order to find out by means of an open transom what the committee inside was doing life ceased to be a joke. And life was bereft of all imaginary humor early in the day, and became a hard fact oppressed by sun and rain. The delegates realized this, the various political clubmen reached the same conclusion. The Tuscarora Club of Salt Lake City made a glorious appearance in paint, feathers, and finery, but heat and water will reduce the most beautiful Indian to a state of misery, and the gorgeous braves were accordingly reduced. The Tammany men came out to Chicago happy and joyous. On the special that carried them out they sang "Good-night, Ladies" at 3 A.M., and woke all the sleepers in the car. This must have been a sad thought to them when they wanted to sleep late that Wednesday night and recalled the many hours given up to song. Music no longer had charms to soothe; their song was pitched in minor key. When the balloting began nobody knew whether or not the end was near, but as the votes for Mr. Cleveland began to pile up there was exceeding joy, and the announcement of the chairman that Grover Cleveland was the chosen leader of the great Democracy was the signal for unrestrained delight. At 3.47 A.M. the Convention adjourned, and a tired, sleepy, hot, wet, but generally happy crowd, got away as quickly as possible, and sought their much-needed rest.



REPORTERS AT THE TRANSOM OF COMMITTEE-ROOM.

In New York, when it became apparent on Wednesday afternoon that the Chicago Convention would ballot that day, there was a strong undercurrent of interest. The bulletin-boards and "tickers" were closely watched, but as night drew near the crowd as a rule wandered homewards. Later in the evening, when the "extras" showed that the delegates were in earnest, the crowds reassembled at some of the big uptown hotels, and discussed the situation. The corridor of the Hoffman House in the neighborhood of the "ticker" was filled. It was a representative New York crowd of solid men. Gray hairs were in the minority, but the few elderly gentlemen that were there did the talking.



TUSCARORA CLUBMAN, FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

"Humph," remarked one, "I thought if a Hill gathering was to be found in New York to-night, I'd meet it here."

"So you would," returned a friend, "but they're not in it." This remarkably brilliant speech evoked a laugh from his listeners.

While Governor Abbett was presenting the name of Mr. Cleveland to the Convention, and the ticker was silent, the watchers tired, a young man to amuse them began:

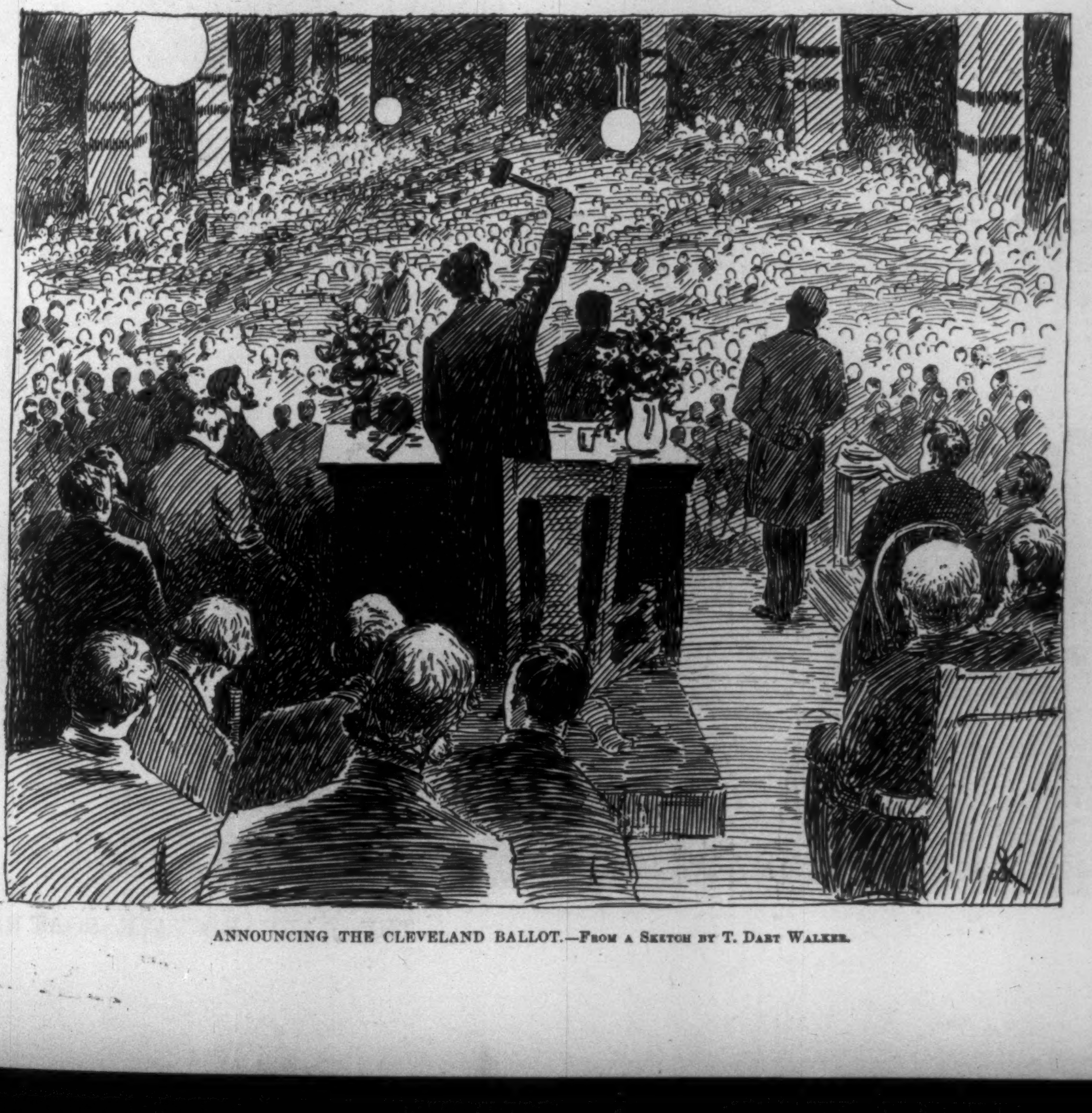
"Now they're off. Cleveland leads at the quarter. Hill left at the post. Cleveland at the half ahead of the field."

"Where's Hill now?" called some one.

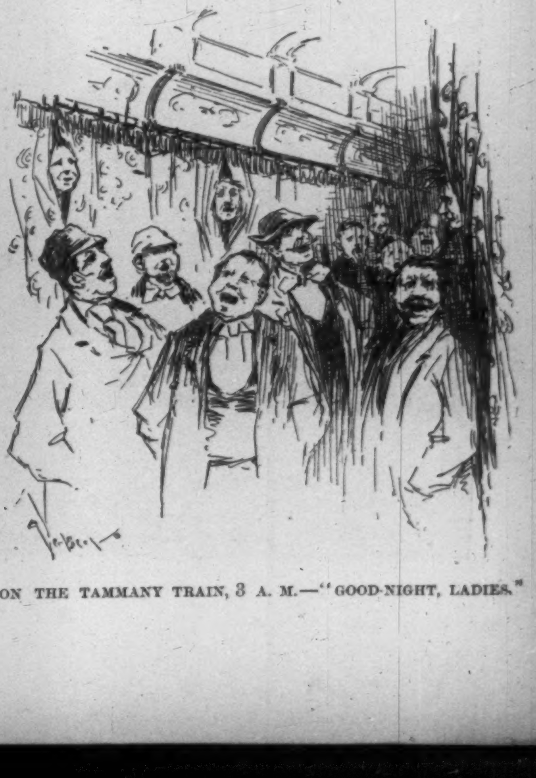
"Just away," answered the race-crier, "but he won't get a place."

"I should think not," came another voice; "you'll find him still running in '96." This combination of politics and Morris Park aroused nearly every one to laughter.

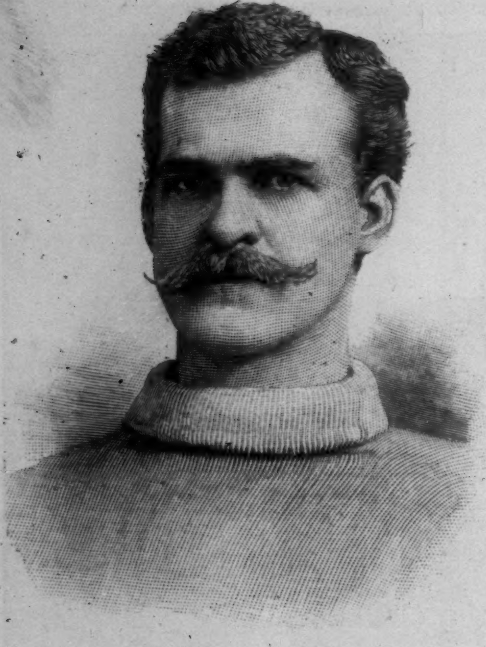
When midnight came and nothing was done, the crowd thinned out somewhat; but people went home assured of Mr. Cleveland's strength in the Convention and of his popularity in New York. There were still some on hand to receive the news when the nomination was made, and the general feeling was one of satisfaction. The extra editions on Thursday morning were bought by every one, and many said, with a smile of joy: "Glad of it. Honesty and straightforwardness win every time;" and many others cried, "Hurrah for Whitney!"



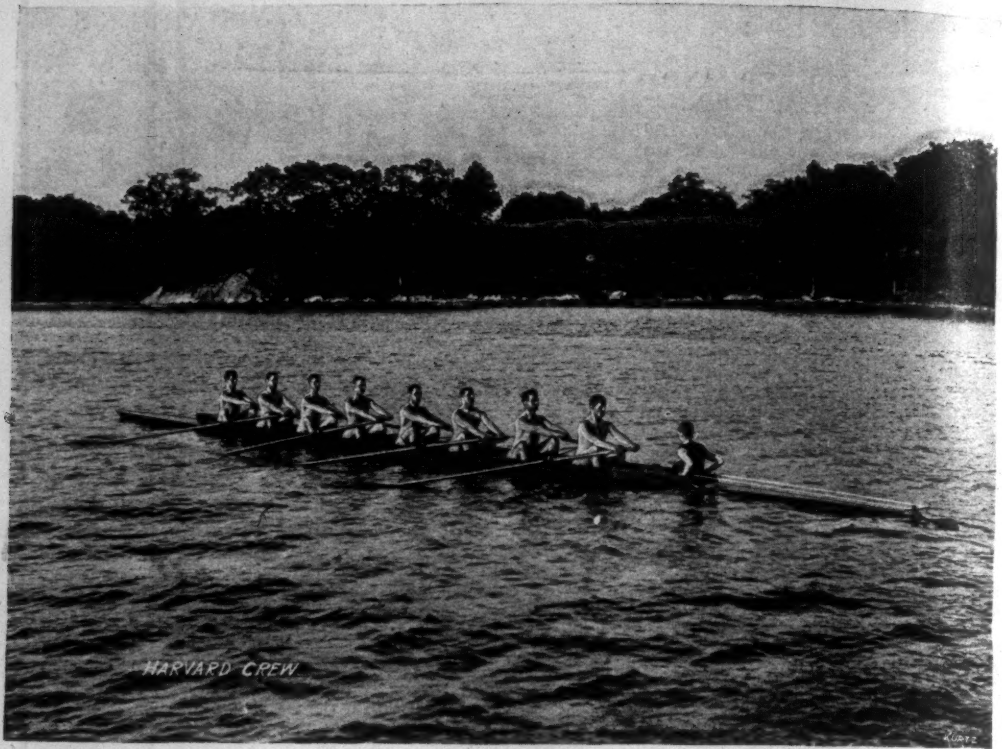
ANNOUNCING THE CLEVELAND BALLOT.—From a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.



ON THE TAMMANY TRAIN, 3 A. M.—"GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES."



CAPTAIN G. H. KELTON, HARVARD ('93). No. 7.
Age, 30; height, 6 ft.; weight, 193 lbs.


HARVARD CREW

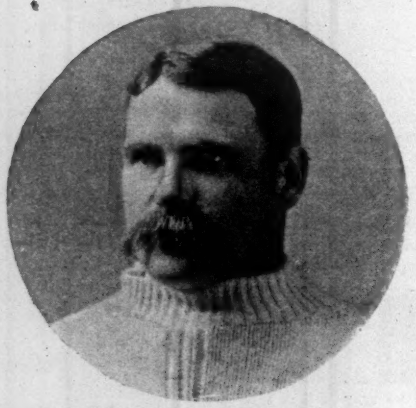
M. NEWELL, HARVARD ('94). Bow.
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 170 lbs.

N. RANTOUL, HARVARD ('92). No. 2.
Age, 22; height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; weight, 168 lbs.

C. K. CUMMINGS, HARVARD ('93). No. 5.
Age, 21; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 178 lbs.

F. B. WINTHROP, HARV
Age, 23; height, 5 ft. 11

A. F. JOHNSON, YALE ('94 S.). Bow.
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 164 lbs.

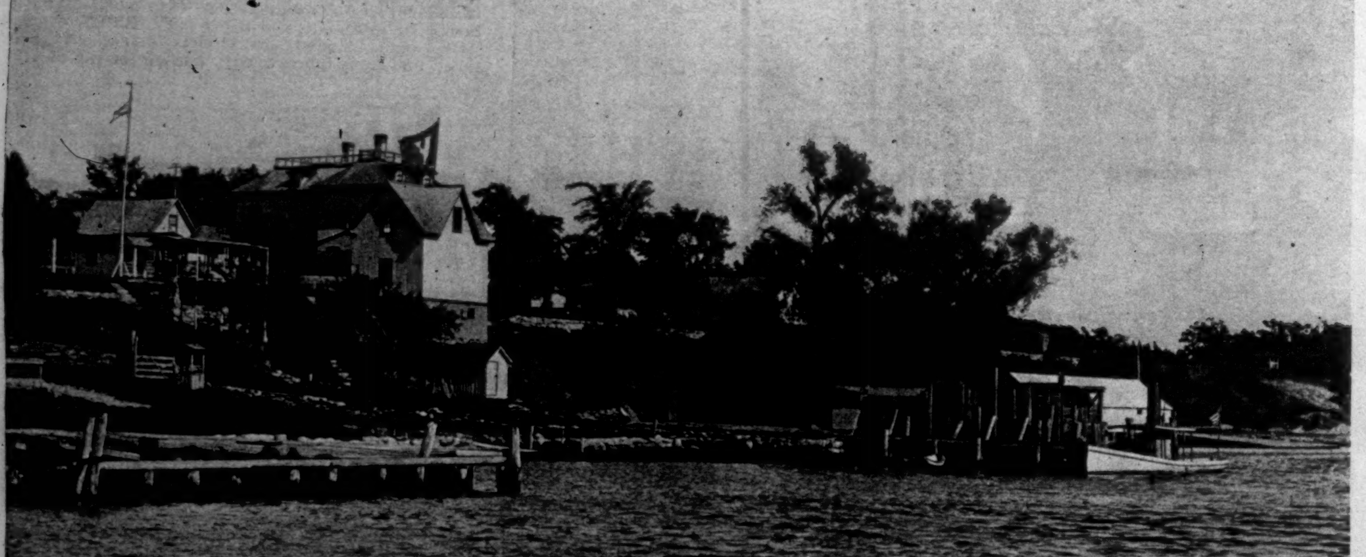


A. J. BALLIETT, YALE ('92). No. 2.
Age, 29; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 166 lbs.

A. T. VAN HUYCK, YALE ('93 S.). No. 3.
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; weight, 166 lbs.

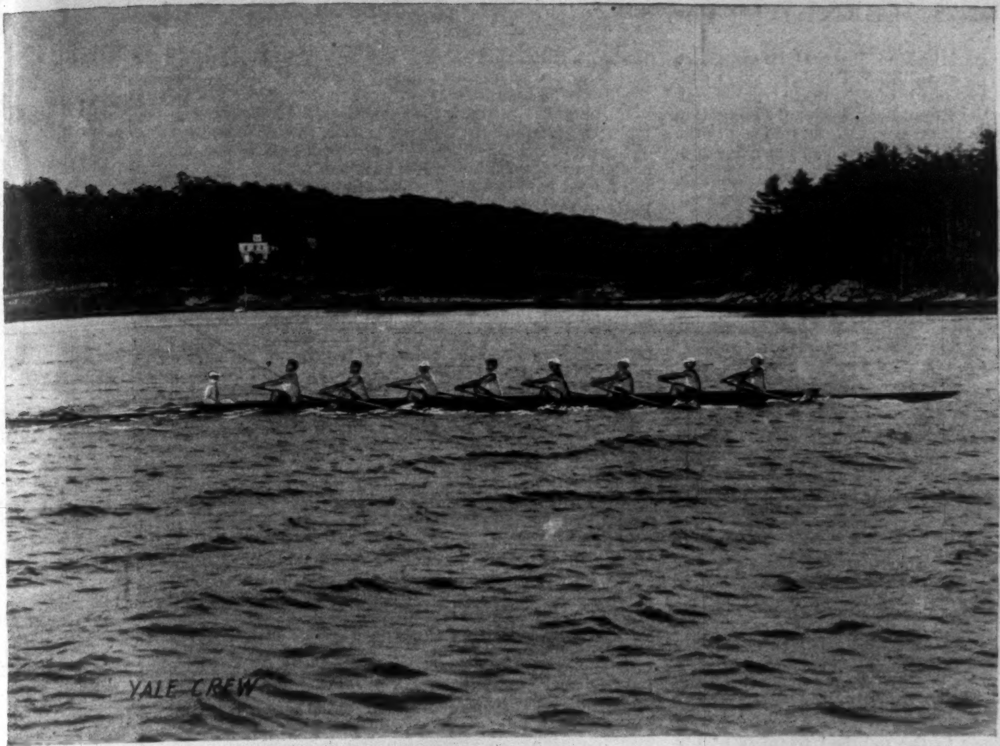
RALPH PAINE, YALE
Age, 20; height, 5 ft. 11

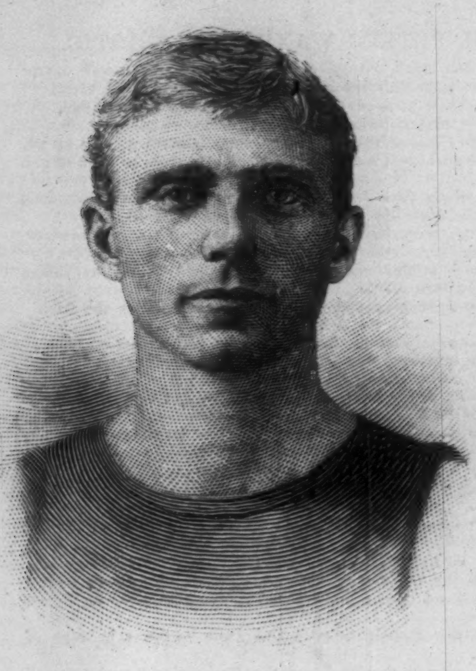
Average weight with coxswain, Harvar
Average age, Yale, 22 years;


COLUMBIA QUARTERS
YALE QUARTERS
YALE BOAT HOUSE
COLUMBIA BOAT HOUSE

COACHING YALE CREW

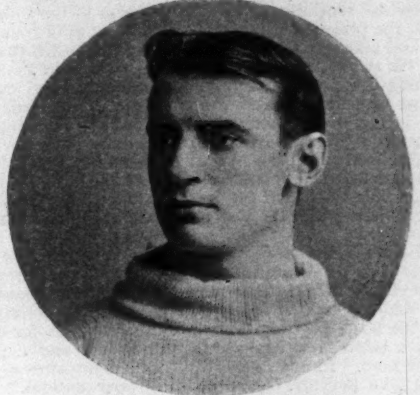
THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE AT NEW



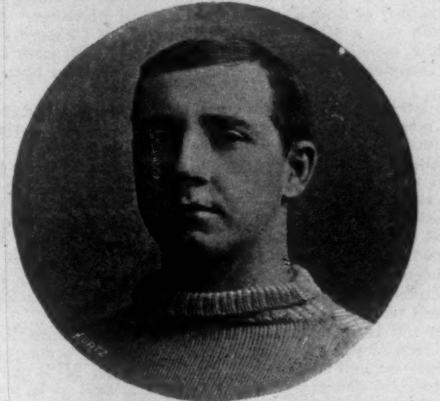


CAPTAIN J. A. HARTWELL, YALE (M. S.). No. 6
Age, 22; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 165 lbs.

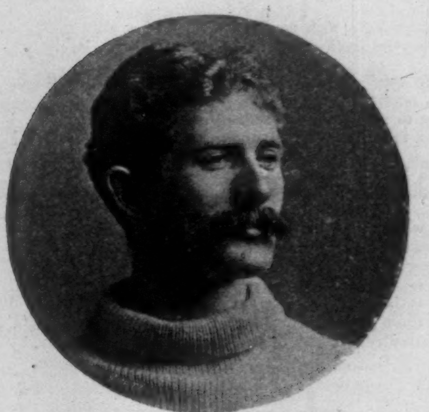
VARD (L. S.). No. 6.
in.; weight, 165 lbs.



B. G. WATERS, HARVARD ('94). No. 3.
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 184 lbs.

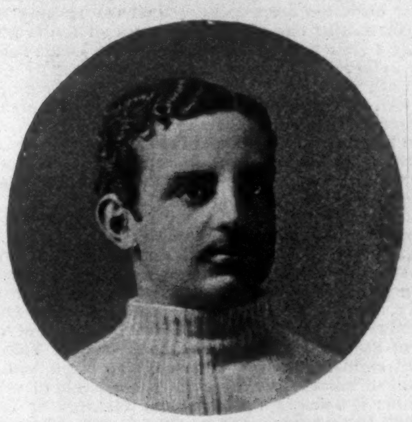


R. ACTON, HARVARD (M. S.). No. 4.
Age, 23; height, 6 ft. ½ in.; weight, 186 lbs.

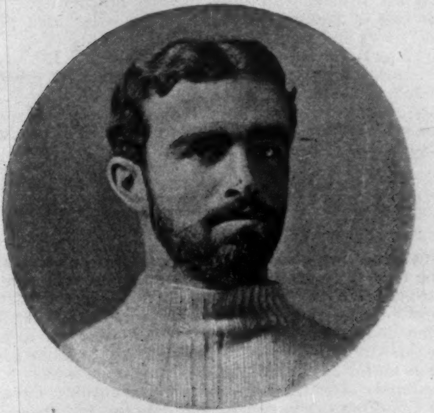


F. LYNAM, HARVARD (M. S.). Stroke.
Age, 26; height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; weight, 167 lbs.

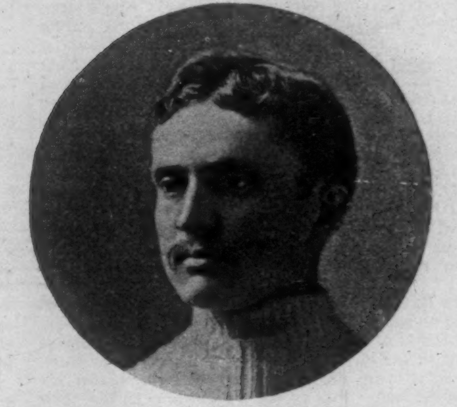
ALE ('94). No. 4.
in.; weight, 183 lbs.



A. B. GRAVES, YALE ('92 S.). No. 5.
Age, 22; height, 6 ft.; weight, 174 lbs.

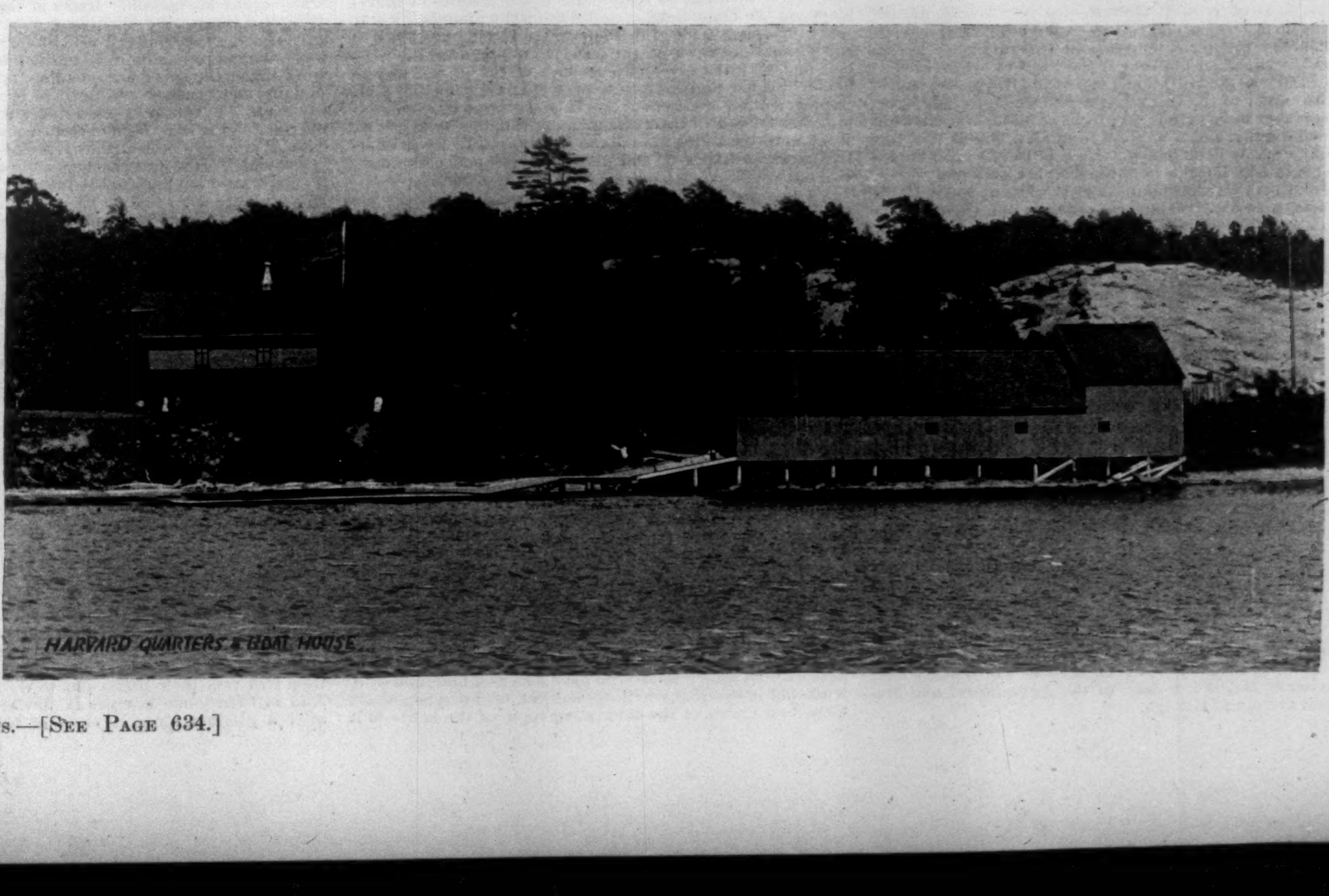


S. B. IVES, YALE ('93). No. 7.
Age, 21; height, 5 ft. 11¼ in.; weight, 174 lbs.



E. F. GALLAUDET, YALE ('93). Stroke.
Age, 21; height, 6 ft.; weight, 166 lbs.

rvard, 168¼ lbs.; Yale, 162¾ lbs.
; Harvard, 23 years.



LONDON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

MR. PETERS WAXETH PATRIOTIC.

There ain't much patriotism left in these here modern days,
Leastwise it doesn't show itself with all its old-time blaze.
There's twicet as many people now as when I was a lad,
'Nd not a half as many flags a-floatin' as we had;
'Nd on the streets there's no parades one-tenth as fine as we,
When we was boys, was wont to come down here to town to see.

Why, in them days July the third was hardly more than done
Before the boys was out o' bed to fire the signal-gun;
'Nd all the time that passed from that ontil the day was o'er
You'd talk and couldn't hear yourself; the boomin' and the roar
O' cannons stuffed with powder 'til you'd think the things
would bust
Was sich it even coaxed the rain to come and lay the dust.

Upon the village green the boys would gather just at noon;
The village band would wrastle with some patriotic tune;
'Nd then the Declaration by the men that made us free,
The Justice of the Peace would read straight through from A
to Z;
And then some clever man that could use language just a bit,
He'd take the stand and tell us all the good that came of it.

When this was done, the minister would read some piece of
verse,
And then invoke a blessin' and request us to disperse.
Them exercises over, we would have a barbecue—
The gals all dressed in Sunday best, and all the fellers too;
'Nd when the night came over all, we'd set off colored lights
'Nd wheels 'nd bombs in honor of the men as gave us rights.

But now the Fourth it ain't the same as 'twas in days of
yore.
The boys all say they've heard the Declaration "read before."
They do not care for lofty speech—"high-sounding phrases"—
and
They git more chills from cooling drinks than from the village
band;
'Nd in the cities boys with squibs is guilty of a sin
That warrants cops from over-seas in runnin' of 'em in.

"Spread-eagle gab" is what they call the talk of olden times,
'Nd patriotic poetry is only "fudge and rhymes."
I'm sorry for to see it so. It sort o' makes me fear
There's much more Tory blood about than we have need for
here;
But, after all, I'm satisfied if these folks git too fly,
They'll find the straight American to-day is pretty spry.

There never was a time in all our country's history,
As I have read it, and I've read it mighty thoroughly,
When one good healthy straight-out man—the sort as loves
his land—
Warn't able sittin' down to lick ten hybrids with one hand.
And even if there ain't much show in patriotic ways,
I'll bet this country's bound to last forever and some days.

John Kendrick Bangs.

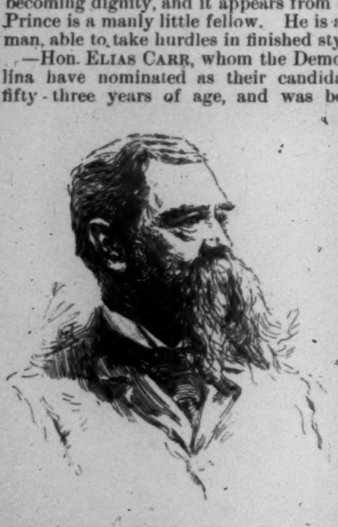
PERSONAL.

One of the important enterprises of **Harper's Magazine** (and there are many of them now in progress in America, Europe, and Asia), having reference to its next year's store of entertainment, has been suddenly brought into public notice through the expulsion of Mr. **Poultney Bigelow** and Mr. **Frederic Remington** from Russia. The New York *World* speaks of it as "an international episode," and infers that the readers of **Harper's** "have lost an interesting tale of the two hostile countries of Russia and Germany." It is early to entertain a view so discouraging as that. Certainly the promised story has already received from the Czar himself a striking *motif* for its first chapter, and those who will read Mr. **Bigelow**'s article on "The Czar's Western Frontier" in the forth-coming July number of **Harper's Magazine**, will not despair of the continuation of the story, even if it must be confined to the German frontier. Neither Mr. **Bigelow** nor Mr. **Remington** can be so easily suppressed.

—**Harriet Beecher Stowe** recently attained her eighty-first year, but on account of her feeble mental condition there was no celebration of the anniversary. The aged authoress passed a part of the day on the lawn of her home in Hartford, sitting in a camp chair, with only her nurse and her daughter beside her. She rarely sees strangers, for their presence excites her, and excitement of any kind renders her hysterical. Even her friends are infrequently permitted to visit her, for she no longer recognizes them.

—The sight of greatest interest—the *paradestück*, as the Germans themselves would call it—at the military review at Potsdam was the little ten-year-old Crown Prince as he marched in grenadier uniform at the front of his regiment. On his head was the tall peaked cap of the troop, and on his breast the order of the Black Eagle with which the Emperor had decorated him. He is said to have borne himself with becoming dignity, and it appears from all accounts that the Prince is a manly little fellow. He is already a good horseman, able to take hurdles in finished style on his pony.

—Hon. **Elias Carr**, whom the Democrats of North Carolina have nominated as their candidate for Governor, is fifty-three years of age, and was born at Bracebridge, Edgecombe County, North Carolina. He comes from a race of successful planters who have occupied high social positions in eastern North Carolina for several generations. He received his preliminary teaching at The Oaks, in Orange County, North Carolina, and completed his education at the universities of North Carolina and Virginia, after which he entered upon an agricultural career. He has frequently represented his State in important national gatherings, notably that of the Farmers' National Convention at St. Paul, in 1886. He is a member of the World's Fair Commission, and is a trustee of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh.



—**Emmons Blaine**, son of the Hon. **James G. Blaine**, died at his home in Chicago on June 18th. Death was very sudden, due to septicæmia, the result of dysenteric trouble contracted while attending the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis. **Emmons Blaine** was the second son of the ex-Secretary of State, and after the death of his elder brother **Walker**, drew closer to the political fortunes of his father. He was actively engaged in railroad business, and was regarded as a man of great ability and character. His wife, who was a Miss **Anita McCormick**, of Chicago, survives him, together with one child. **Emmons Blaine** had nearly completed his thirty-fifth year, having been born in 1857.

From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

—Philatelists the world over will be interested in the great "find" made by Mr. E. B. **Sterling**, of Trenton, New Jersey, in a bundle of old letters which he recently purchased at a Philadelphia auction sale. On one of the envelopes he discovered an original of the extremely rare five-cent New Haven stamps, bearing the signature of "E. A. **Mitchell**, Postmaster." These stamps were printed forty-seven years ago, and only one other is known to be in existence. Mr. **Sterling** paid nine cents for the old letters, and he has already been offered $1500 for the stamp, information about the discovery of which was telegraphed to Europe as a most important piece of news.

—The old **Harrison** mansion built near Vincennes, Indiana, in 1806 by the President's grandfather, is still occupied as a residence, and is a most interesting house. It is one of the numerous structures each of which is said to be "the first brick house built west of the Alleghanies"—the old homestead of **Shadrach Bond** at Kaskaskia, Illinois, recently demolished, being another—and in it General **Harrison** entertained his friends with open-handed hospitality. The house is one of many peaks and gables, with thick brick walls and doors and wooden shutters of unusual size. The cellar appears to have been designed for use as a fortress in an emergency, and there are outlets and hidden passages suggestive of a mediæval castle. The estate itself embraces the treaty grounds where General **Harrison** had his famous conference with **Tecumseh**, and where he made treaties with the Indian tribes of the Wabash.

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

There is no single athletic event, amateur or professional, in the United States that attracts the widespread interest of the annual four-mile eight-oar shell race between Harvard and Yale. There is no athlete so honored as the college crew man—particularly if he is fortunate enough to have been in the winning boat—and rightfully so, for none labors so hard as he for the athletic glory of his *alma mater*.

Immediately after the beginning of the autumn term the call for candidates is issued by the captain, and those who have aspirations in this direction are formed into a squad—"an awkward squad," it might be called, for the skilled men rarely turn out so early—and given a series of movements on the chest-weights and some light dumbbell work. Added to this is a bit of drilling on the rowing-machines in the gymnasium work on the water, to toughen up the muscles and give the greenhorn an idea of the proper way to handle his oar and how to manage his body on the seat. Supplementing the in-door work is the cross-country running, considered to be of the greatest value in building up. It strengthens the leg muscles, so important a factor in effective work in the boat, and gives "wind" and endurance, without which no man can ever become an oarsman.

All this very early work is chiefly for the men who are candidates for the first time. Those who sat in the boat the previous year and are not candidates for any other of the college athletic teams do not usually go into training until after the Christmas holidays, and in the mean time, done up in their 'varsity "sweater," be it never so hot, and with an ill-disguised conscientiousness of their superiority, they strut about, to the misery of the "greenies," who are working so hard for the right to replace the class numerals on their "sweaters" with the university initial letter.

For those readers to whom this reference to the sweaters is not understood let me explain that when a candidate for any university team has successfully made the place, he is privileged to have on his shirt and sweater the initial college letter: for Harvard, for instance, H; for Yale, Y; all other undergraduates are restricted to the class decoration—'92, '93, or whatever it may be. 'Varsity men are therefore always easily distinguished in a gathering of the clans, for whether it represents a place on the crew, eleven, nine, or track athletic team, or whether it be summer or winter, that sweater is omnipresent.

It is a just pride in an honor that has been attained only after the most trying ordeal, and one that has made him a manly boy, and fitted him in every way the better to battle with his studies, the world, and himself. This is not the place for a digression on the benefits the boy derives from his athletic training, but I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without asking those who have sons at school, and who, while not in sympathy with the subject, read mayhap about these two crews as the interesting topic of the hour—is it not reasonable that the lad who tries for his school or college team, who denies himself whatever indulgences the flesh may be heir to, eats only wholesome food, has regular and therefore refreshing sleep, should be better fitted to resist the temptations that are certain to come to him later? Whenever I hear bigoted ignorance loudly proclaiming against college athletics, it makes me wish for the days of the feudal barons, that I might engineer a little fool-killing party of my own.

To return to our crew candidates: while the novices are striving to grasp some of the first principles of rowing, some of the old men are very likely playing football. The grid-iron-field is a great physical school for the boat, and seldom a year passes that the eleven and the crew do not use one or two and sometimes more of the same men. This year, in Yale's boat, Captain Hartwell and Paine played football last fall, the former making a lasting reputation for himself at right end; of the Harvard crew, Newell shines pre-eminently as a football-player, for he is the greatest tackle on the field to-day. Waters and Rantoul have also played, the former on the 'varsity eleven. Football absorbs all attention in the autumn, and we consequently hear little or nothing of what is being done in other branches of sport; but while the majority are bending all energy elsewhere, the comparatively few crew candidates are plodding along faithfully, and with very little save loyalty to hold their interest to the never-ending grind.

But the real work begins after the midwinter holidays, when the Yale-Princeton-Harvard football series has been played, and the victors dined and given little gold footballs to wear on their watch chains by an enthusiastic *alumni*. By this time those who answered the first call have become something more than an "awkward squad"; as a whole, they have learned at least enough of rowing to be of service to them ever afterwards, even if they never make the crew, while individually probably here and there a very promising 'varsity candidate has been developed. There is a certain something, an almost indefinable quality, that goes to make up the ideal oarsman; it is a delicacy of touch, a muscular sensibility, that prompts him to bury his blade at just the proper depth and in the minimum of time, to put it in and take it out, not losing an ounce of the lift that belongs to the stroke, and to put into that stroke the maximum of strength with the minimum of effort. Ideal oarsmen, it must be acknowledged, are born and rarely made: it must be *in* the man, else not even the expert coaching of such masters as Harry Keyes and Bob Cook can develop it. Good methodical and even skilful oarsmen are made from only average material, but these men lack the dash, the *verve*, that intangible essence of the oarsmen, and are never able to send the shell through the water with the speed of the natural or ideal oar.

Before February is half over, the candidates for the crew have been pretty well sifted, the unlikely ones dropped, and the choice for positions narrowed down very considerably. Probably four or five of the men are fairly certain of seats in the boat; possibly there is a close struggle for one of the seats between a last year's 'varsity oar and a promising new man. In any event, the coachers are sure to be working like beavers, bewailing the "poor outlook" for their college, and beseeching the gods to visit their wrath upon the luckless heads of one or two of the candidates who will persist, despite the most vigorous admonitions, in burying their blade too deep, cocking their oar, rushing their slide, or committing one of the other score of faults which go to make a crew ragged and the life of the coach hardly worth the living.

As the 1st of April draws near, the crew is generally fairly well determined upon—not that the men are absolutely chosen and settled in their seats, but the allotment of position has become a question of one or two, possibly, instead of four or five. Sometimes, indeed, the question of the best man for a certain seat remains unsettled up to the very last week before the race, as is the case this year.

Changes so late in the day are serious, and more than anything else express emphatically the great difference between the conditions and methods that prevail in the making up of the English and American university crews. Compared to them, we are handicapped to an extraordinary degree. The popular impression that Oxford and Cambridge crews are chosen from one set of candidates from each university, as is the case with Yale and Harvard eights, is greatly in error. To begin with, both the English universities represent a collection of colleges, and neither is a single institution like Harvard or Yale. Each one of these colleges has its class racing and its representative crew. From this group of colleges, respectively composing the two English universities, the Oxford and Cambridge crews are chosen. Races at the smaller institutions determine the worthy candidates, and these, instead of the untried and green material which Harvard and Yale are always obliged to handle to a considerable extent, are put to work under the supervision of the Oxford and Cambridge captains and coaches. With these ready-made oarsmen to begin on, the 'varsity crews rapidly materialize, and when the final eights have been chosen from these veteran candidates, it may well be said they represent the flower of English rowing. How our coachers and captains would rejoice if such a state of affairs existed here! Their position would be a sinecure compared to what it is now. They have no ready-made material to form a backbone for the boat; whatever they may have left over from the previous year represents their labors of the year before that. If there are three or four old 'varsity men in the boat the captain considers himself in the best of luck. As a general rule, most of the candidates are green men. Some of them may have rowed on their class crews, and others may have had more or less desultory rowing about their homes. But not infrequently the most difficult man to teach is he who takes to college his local reputation of being quite an oar.

A little knowledge is quite as dangerous in rowing as in any of the other pursuits of man, mental or physical.

It seems impossible for the layman to realize that rowing in an eight-oar is different from pulling a wherry or a single about the river, and that 'varsity form cannot be acquired in a few weeks. If they could follow the Harvard and Yale candidates in the gym, in the tank, and afterwards on the river, and watch them digging away day after day, striving to perfect even one part of the stroke, they would probably better appreciate the magnificence of the annual struggle at New London. Until one has done so one cannot be in touch with the heroic side of that race.

Look at them as they sit in their shells on the starting-line, ready for the word—sixteen superb specimens of physical beauty. Six long weary months have they trained faithfully. To win this race is the very dearest wish of their hearts, and they will pull their hearts out to do it, too. They're off! And in twenty-one minutes (a few seconds more or less), after a glorious struggle, eight of them are the happiest fellows in all the wide world; the other eight are the most miserable.

No wonder the crew man is the best-honored in college. No wonder it brings to New London each year every man and woman who are within reach, and have any blood in their veins, and sets those throughout the country who cannot view the race to eagerly scanning the papers for every scrap of gossip and news about the event.

As a general thing the crews go to their quarters at New London, which are on the left bank (going down) of the river, about two weeks before the race. This year they have both gone there much earlier, Harvard by nearly two weeks, and Yale by a week. Harvard owns its property, situated about four miles from town, while Yale rents Captain Brown's house, a mile farther up the river. The location of both is delightful, commanding a fine view up and down the Thames. The land on which Harvard's house stands needs just a bit of care to brighten it up; but the well-kept place of Captain Brown, with its sward, flowers, and shade trees, has an air homelike and peaceful that is simply charming. Here these chosen ones of Harvard and Yale work in the few remaining days left to them as they never worked before. Twice a day they are taken out in their shell, while the coachers follow them in the college launches, adding "line upon line, precept upon precept," coaching as though the day of Judgment was at hand, and those sixteen men obliged to pass muster, or else pull their shell the balance of their condemned days over the unfathomable waters of the Styx.

In the mean time, while the regular crews are practising, the substitutes spend their time on the river either in a pair-oar or on the topmost deck of the old ship *New Hampshire* "heeling" the rival eight. Each camp is kept under constant surveillance. Not a man leaves the Yale quarters but the Harvard spy-glass draws a bead on him to ascertain who he is, where he is going, and what his business; no sign of activity at the Harvard boat-house escapes the ever-vigilant Yale lookouts. Strangers on the river are closely scrutinized, and both college quarters are a veritable redoubt against inquisitive stragglers. The great desire of each crew is to get something of a line on the other's form and speed; this is the chief business of the substitutes in patrolling the river. As the time of the race draws near, greater vigilance is exercised, and even the bushes on the banks along the course are apt to conceal a spy of the enemy, who, stop-watch in hand, tells off the strokes the crew is rowing a minute, and makes a mental note of whatever detail of form, etc., he manages to gather as the boat shoots past his point of vantage.

Arising at seven o'clock and retiring at ten, with a practice pull in the morning, and a hard two hours' work on the river after four in the afternoon, the interim given over to reading, or study if examinations are not yet over, the work goes on, Sundays excepted, until the day before the race. This is the one real holiday the men have during all their long course of training. They are taken out in the launch and steamed out to the Sound, where they get a sniff of salt water. This salt-air tonic, by-the-way, is one of the healthful features of New London, and the coachers give the men as much of it as possible. The Harvard-Yale-Columbia Freshmen race is generally rowed on this day, before the great event, and the two 'varsity crews are taken down to see that also. In fact on this, the eve of the battle, everything is done to keep the men in good spirits, take their minds from the struggle of to-morrow, and send them to bed and to restful slumber.

Each year's crew has its own little story, and the text for that of '92, in both colleges, will be the splendid characteristics and indefatigable energy of the two captains. Both have practically worked their way through college, and each is a hard student and stands well in his class. Both have had much to test their mettle, and neither has failed to be equal to the emergency. They have exhibited a persistence of purpose and a set determination to overcome all obstacles that augurs well for their future in whatever business or professional field they enter.

Captain Kelton, rowing his third year in the boat, is the best No. 7 Harvard ever had. When he was elected, on Perkins's resignation last autumn, the outlook was roseate at Cambridge, as Harvard expected to have back this year intact the victorious eight of '91. But matters soon went awry. Vail was injured at football; Powers, who had promised to become a great stroke, lingered for a time between life and death, brought low by peritonitis; Lynam kept every Harvard man on pins and needles lest he might not go into training; and later in the season Cummings strained his stomach muscles, and was out for a time. The candidates that presented themselves were all big, finely muscled men, but this very fact appeared to be something of a disadvantage, for it made them slow, and it was some time before there were encouraging signs of improvement. A finer-looking lot of men than Harvard's crew never sat in a boat; their muscular development is superb.

Lynam, at stroke, is rowing his second year in the Harvard shell; last year he was at 4, and was one of the best men in the boat. He came from Bowdoin, and something of the stroke he learned there was perceptible in his early work, but he has relegated all that to oblivion by this time. He is a powerful oar, and with endurance enough to stroke twice the distance. He will make a hard race.

Winthrop, at No. 6, rowed at No. 2 in the '90 'varsity boat that made Yale so good a race. He did not train last year, but this spring was induced to come out. He is immensely strong, and has rowed on several class crews. Waters, at No. 3, is a football man, having played on his Freshman team, and last year on the 'varsity eleven at tackle. He has also rowed on his class crew; he is very strong, the muscle standing out in knots all over his body and arms. Rantoul, at No. 2, is not so strong as these men, but he is rowing in excellent form, and sat in last year's winning boat. Cummings, at No. 5, also rowed on last year's 'varsity; he has been in and out of the shell this year, owing to a strain. Newell, at bow, rowed in the same place in '91. He is the football tackle, the best on the field, and a man of great strength. Acton, at No. 4, is very heavy and strong. He has had no previous rowing experience, though he played on the Dublin 'varsity eleven.

When Captain Hartwell accepted command of the Yale boating last spring the prospects were really far from encouraging. Last year's crew was not a success, and it left only one man available who was at that time desirable—Balliett. Paine (No. 4) also pulled on last year's 'varsity, but his form was not good, and considerable improvement was necessary for him to hold his seat. He has made greater advance this year, probably, than any man in the boat. Of the number of candidates, many of them had been tried and rejected the year before; and after a few weeks' trial, had shown the best, Hartwell took hold of them, and went to work to make the most out of what he had. He has accomplished wonders, for, with the assistance of some of the ablest coachers in the country, he has brought out a crew, composed of only average oarsmen, beautifully together and finished in its work. Gallaudet, at stroke, is a good man—one of the best Yale ever had. This is his first year on the 'varsity, but he has stroked his class crews three years; he has plenty of sand, and will make his men work. Ives, at 7, gained his reputation in his Freshman year by stroking the 'varsity from 7 in the Atalanta race, when Allen (stroke) broke his oar and jumped overboard. He is one of the most finished and best natural oars in any boat to-day. At 6 sits Hartwell, remembrance of whom will remain fresh at New Haven for many a year by his work in the boat and on the end of the eleven. He pulled at No. 5 on his Freshman crew in '87, which made the record time of 9.55, and in '88 pulled at No. 4 in Captain Stevenson's great crew, which made the 20 minutes 10 seconds record. In '89 and '90 he again sat at 4, but in '91 pressure of studies kept him out of the boat. He prepared for Yale at Sedgwick Institute, at Great Barrington, where he sat in the school four. He has played football every autumn at Yale, and the game he put up at right end last November was one of the best of the year. He is a good oar, and hard as nails.

Graves, at 5, was one of last year's rejected candidates. He has pulled in his class boat, and by hard work and laudable perseverance he has greatly improved. Van Huyck, at 3, is strong and thick-set. He has rowed on class boats, and while strong, has never been regarded as a very skilful oar. This year, with the rest, he has made much improvement. Balliett, at 2, is the oldest and strongest man in the boat, and has rowed four years—two in the 'varsity. Although short for a good reach, he rows in excellent form. Johnson, bow, is a new man picked from the Freshman crew, and has handled himself astonishingly well on the short experience he has had.

This article would be incomplete without the names of the coachers of the two crews. Harvard relies on Harry Keyes, '87, unquestionably one of the most skilful coachers in the country; while Yale has Bob Cook, re-enforced by several of her most expert graduates, Messrs. Stevenson, Rogers, and Cowles, and George A. Adee, whom all Yale loves to honor for his great and continued interest in the undergraduate body-athletic. Both crews have worked hard, and each deserves reward. May the best one win!

AMATEVR · SPORT

Captain Hartwell and the Yale coachers have accomplished what few in their position succeed in doing—they have got out of the Yale eight all there is in it, and that is saying a great deal. During the past week I have followed both crews on the Thames, and Saturday night was fortunate enough to catch Yale taking a time-row over the course. With a good wind blowing up the river and the last of the tide running in, the conditions were undoubtedly fast, but the work of the crew was nevertheless as fine an exhibition of rowing as one would care to see. The work of stroke, 7, and 6 as they swung together was a treat. Starting with a stroke ranging from 38 to 36, they forced their shell along with great speed, passing the half-mile flag in 2 minutes and 18 seconds. The shell fairly flew through the water. The men appeared to be able to put their whole strength into the stroke without marked effort. Rowing 36, the mile flag was passed in 4 minutes and 30 seconds, and with the exception of Van Huyck every man was sitting up to his work, looking as if he was pulling for every pound there was in him. Van Huyck, however, looked tired. He was by no means doing his share of the work, but broke his arms in a way which showed he was forgetting what he had been taught. The effect of his poor rowing, combined with a little rough water which the crew was given by a passing steamer, caused their next mile to be covered a full minute slower.

Just after the two-mile flag, the Yale coxswain did some quaint and curious steering. If he tries the same tactics on the day of the race, Harvard's judge will have good ground upon which to claim a foul. This half was covered, however, in 2.45, with the stroke still at about 36. And now the crew got into what has been known and feared as the eel-grass. It made but little difference to them. Instead of going slower, the next half was rowed at a 2.30 gait. From there to the end the crew kept up its good work, finishing with backs up and almost the same amount of life and dash with which it had started. The "timer" convinced me that the Yale crew is fast. No crew, even with the conditions favorable as they were, could have covered those four miles in such time, unless they were almost perfectly together and making the most of every pound of strength.

Under favorable conditions, therefore, I shall expect to see the Yale crew cover the distance Friday in less than twenty-one minutes. I have watched many crews in the past, but never have seen one which so thoroughly takes advantage of all the good points and material at its disposal as does the Yale crew of '92. Their inboard work is by no means up to what many others have exhibited. The men appear to have sacrificed a little of the stiffness of form in order to gain a little more rapidity of motion. But their blades, both in and out of the water, are simply perfect; they take the water as one, and take it at the proper angle; they are carried through at the proper level, and taken out quickly and cleanly. Mr. Cook can well be proud of his pupils. If they are defeated, he knows that it will not be because they have failed to follow his directions.

The Yale crew I look upon as a known quantity. I know what they can do, and how well they can do it. When the day of the race comes they will be found ready and fit to row the race of their lives. With the Harvard crew it is different. No one knows how good a race they will put up. For over a week they have been just on the verge of becoming a fast crew. The improvement has been rapid, and decidedly complimentary to Mr. Keyes's coaching. Instead of lumbering along as they did, they have taken on some life. Lynam now is able to run the stroke up, and consequently feels that he is better supported. This improvement is due in part to a change in the position of the men. Cummings and Winthrop have been moved to 5 and 6, while Waters and Acton have taken their places at 3 and 4. These changes have not broken up the crew as much as one might suppose. On the contrary, it is much faster than it was before, and the men individually are rowing much better. Waters is extremely careless, or lacks the ability to keep his attention on the stroke.

The chief trouble with Harvard, however, rests with stroke and 7. Good men as they are, and trying their best, they nevertheless hold the key of the race in their hands. Upon their rowing depends, in a great measure, the result of the race. Once let these two men strike it together, and the Harvard crew will send the shell many seconds to the mile faster. This is what I meant by saying the Harvard crew was on the verge of becoming a fast one. Once or twice I have seen them strike it together, causing the shell to shoot ahead. But it was only once or twice, and then for but an instant. Lynam does not drop his oar in quickly enough, while Kelton is too slow in taking his out. It seems strange that, after all, the result of the race should depend upon these two. All the year Harvard men have been saying, "With Kelton and Lynam in the boat, we ought to win." They know the kind of stuff these men are made of, and they know they will pull until they drop. But it only takes a little thing to make a great difference in the speed of a crew, and the "little thing" with the Harvard crew is the difference between 7 and 8. Both men are trying their best to close the gap, and upon the result of their efforts depends, as I have said before, in a great measure the result of the race.

Comparing the two crews, we see Yale possessed of known skill, speed, pluck, and endurance; Harvard—skill undetermined, speed undeveloped, but undoubtedly with plenty of pluck and endurance. We know that the Yale crew is fast. We do not know how fast Harvard may row.

Yale is rowing to-day as well as she can row. Harvard, on the contrary, has something to learn, and is improving rapidly. Even before the race there is excitement enough in watching the improvement taking place so rapidly in the Harvard crew.

The Yale crew has reached its limit; Harvard has not. Are the possibilities of Harvard equal to the standard Yale has raised? That's the question. It is my opinion they are.

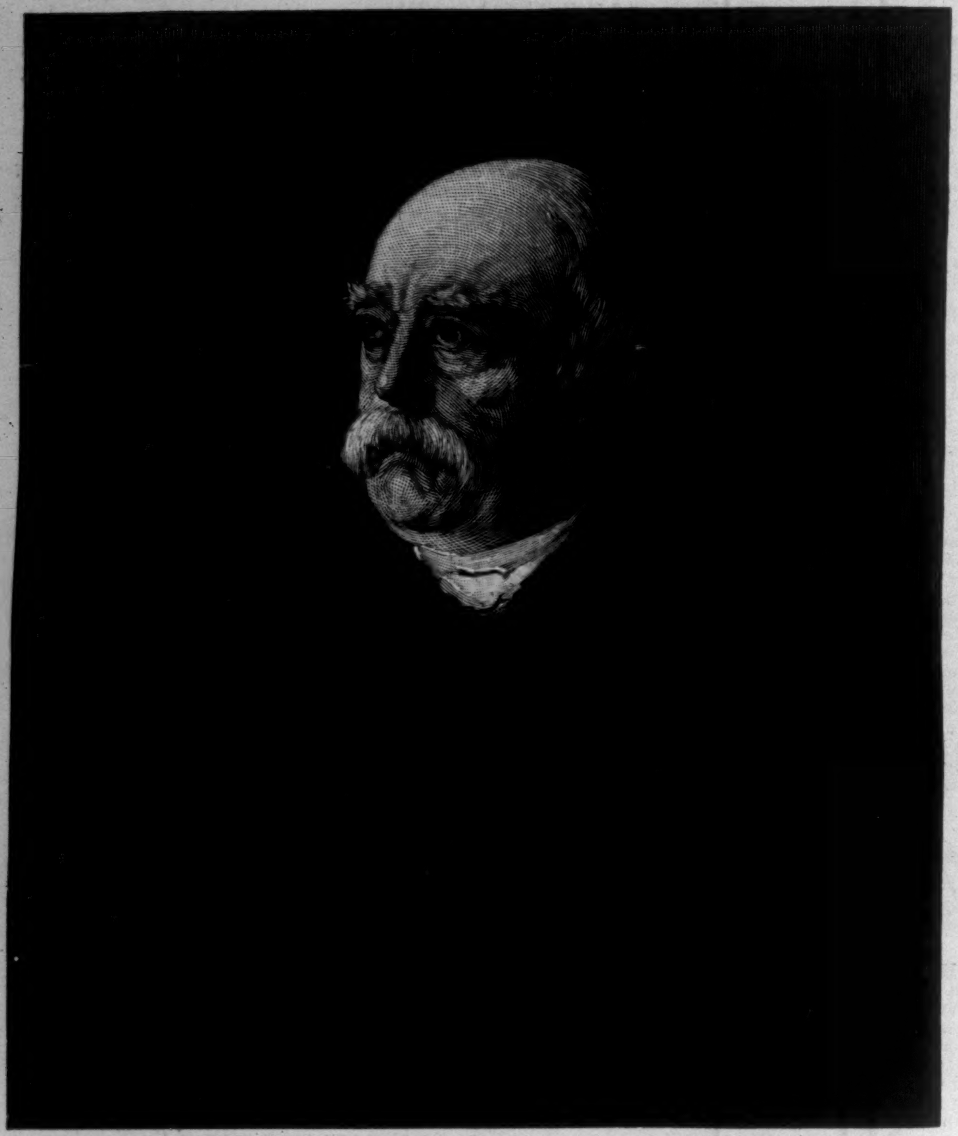
It can plainly be seen that the Harvard men are stronger, and in superb condition. They are rowing well, but not quite so well as the Yale crew. The difference now in the speed of the two crews is quite marked, but that difference would disappear should the Harvard crew strike it together on the day of the race. They may row then as they have never rowed before, and it requires but the slightest improvement on Harvard's part to make the crews evenly matched. Perhaps it has already taken place while we are on the press.

As the crews are to-day (June 25th), Yale would unquestionably win. If Mr. Keyes succeeds in the few remaining days in getting the Harvard eight together, the crimson should cross the line a winner. On equal terms in point of speed, the great strength of Harvard must count for much if kept together of course. For the same reason it would look like Harvard if it became a ding-dong race the last mile. It will be a grand struggle from beginning to end, and should Harvard make the improvement in these last days as she did in '91, the winning time should go pretty well below twenty-one minutes.

Harvard won the first game of the Yale baseball series last Thursday by a score of 5–0, and while we are on the press—Tuesday—is very likely winning the other one at New Haven. There was never any question of Harvard winning, but it would have been much more satisfactory if they had earned three of their runs instead of having them virtually given by Yale's errors. I have seen Harvard play better ball than she did on Thursday; the coaching of runners was not good, while the base-running was poor. Corbett and Dickinson should have a Caudle lecture apiece. The feature of the game was the battery work of Highlands and Mason. The former was in great form, striking out fifteen men, and having but one hit made off his delivery. Mason's work was really great; he was a veritable stone wall behind the bat and saved Highlands about four wild pitches; besides this he made three of the five runs, and circled the bases very skilfully. His retention on the nine despite the only fair showing he made at the first of the season proves that Harvard's baseball interests have been very efficiently managed this year. Hovey and Frothingham did some very pretty fielding of a couple of hard grounders, but Highlands left little for any one else to do save Mason, and the one opportunity Corbett got—Case's high fly—he misjudged, and Yale reached third. Frothingham's timely hit, when two strikes had been called, showed how well these men handle the stick. Carter's muff at the plate was rather surprising, and it brought about a collision that resulted rather seriously for him. Norton created another surprise by his abominable throw to Jackson, which enabled Trafford to make a home-run. Murphy and Harvey made a fumble each, and afterwards played a very clean game. Bowers gave three men their base on balls, but Harvard secured fewer hits off him than was expected. Yale's out-field is hard to beat; excepting Hallowell it is much better than Harvard's. Kedzie behind the bat—where he went to replace Carter—is safer than on third. The pleasantest feature of the game was the cheering of Yale by Harvard, and the absence of all unsportsmanlike attempts to rattle the visitors.

The Championship Tournament for Women, held on the grounds of the Philadelphia Cricket Club last week, was in one way a disappointment, for the Misses Roosevelt did not compete; but, on the other hand, it brought a new and very bright star to the attention of the lawn-tennis world. Miss Bessie Moore, of the Hohokus Valley Club, New Jersey, is only a little older than was Miss Lottie Dodd, when the latter began her triumphant career in England; and I now recall that when Miss Moore made her first appearance in a tournament away from home—that at the Staten Island Ladies' Club last fall; those who had seen Miss Dodd were much struck by the similarity of the two somewhat in general style of play. Last week Miss Moore had no difficulty in winning the first prize, the final match being captured in remarkably good form from Miss Harris, of Philadelphia. In fact, Miss Moore showed so much reserve strength throughout the play that the very close match she played against Miss Cahill for the championship on Friday was no surprise. In such a supreme test, however, it would be nothing short of marvellous if the young girl could retain throughout all of her usual coolness and nerve, which she must do to win from Miss Cahill. As it was, Miss Moore played so well that for four sets it was any one's game. She returned the champion's strokes cleverly, and gave her the hardest match of her career. Score: 5–7, 6–3, 6–4, 4–6 6–2.

Caspar W. Whitney.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

BISMARCK'S LATEST DECLARATION.

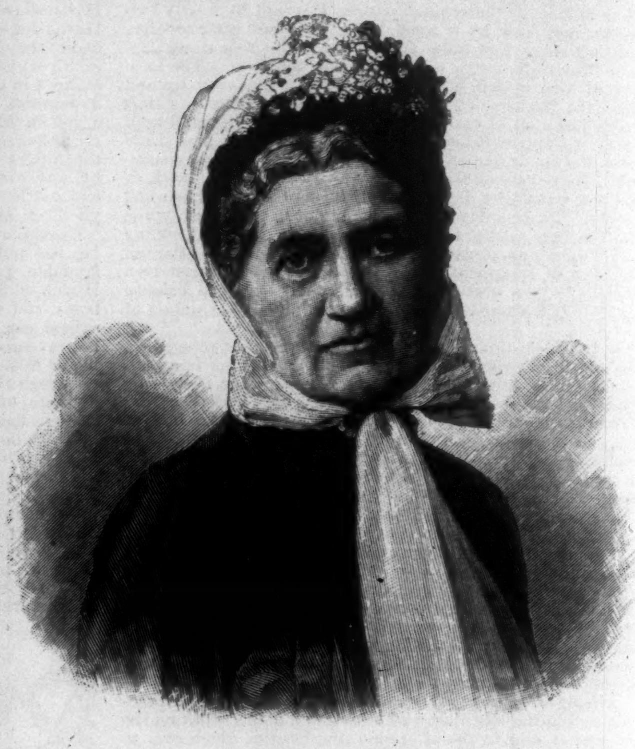
On the 1st of April last, when the seventy-seventh birthday of Prince Bismarck was celebrated, the testimonials he then received from all parts of Germany were sure evidence that he had not relinquished in his retirement from public employment the affection of the German people. His journey the other day towards Vienna, where his son Count Herbert was married, was converted by the people into a triumphal march. At Dresden more than twenty thousand persons greeted the Prince at the railway station and accompanied him to the hotel. To a deputation from the municipality he said, after pointing out that he was an old man who had experienced much sorrow: "I represent the past which has vanished, and will never again enter public life."

This was the most important declaration made by Bismarck on his journey, but the ovation at Dresden was but one of twenty of an almost similar kind.

Count Herbert Bismarck is the eldest son of the Prince, and forty-three years old. He was, during his father's continuance in office, in the diplomatic service, and was sent on many important special missions. It was generally supposed that he was trained by his father to succeed him as Chancellor. Several escapades that would not have been noticed in one whose father was less conspicuous retarded his advancement, although he retained the affection and confidence of his father.

The bride, who was the Countess Marguerite Hoyos, is only twenty-two. She is a beautiful young woman, rather English than Continental in appearance. Her father is of an old Hungarian family, and her mother was Miss Whitehead, a daughter of the inventor of the Whitehead torpedoes.

The last portrait of Bismarck is of interest at this time, when he has declared that he is done with public life. It was made by a compatriot of his son's young Hungarian wife. The artist, Vilma von Parlaghy, exhibited her masterly portrait of the late Field-Marshal von Moltke at the Berlin International Art Exhibition of last year, and it was bought by the Kaiser. This was in spite of the ill-humored protests of the judges, and to the immense satisfaction of the public. She has just entered upon her twenty-ninth year, and the twenty-first of her artistic career. She was scarcely eight years old when she painted her first canvas, a flower piece. "I put it in the sun to dry," she laughingly said when I called at her studio on Gaubenstrasse, Berlin, the other afternoon—"hung it on the clothes-line with the family wash, and nearly cried my eyes out when, later on, I found the colors had run together. A copy of this first effort you will find in the corridor." This year Madame von Parlaghy added Bismarck to the list of historical men whose portraits she has painted. Kossuth, she says, was the proudest and most dignified man who ever sat for her; Windhorst, the late Ultramontane leader, was the homeliest and wittiest; Moltke was the kindliest; and Bismarck the jolliest and most restless. She painted the ex-Chancellor at his Friedrichsruhe winter residence, and it is reported to be the only picture for which he has ever sat. Lenbach's portraits were painted after hasty sketches and from memory. When the artist arrived for the first sitting, the Prince, always gallant to ladies, met her at the station to say he must take his usual horseback exercise before he could place himself at her disposal. After an hour or so he appeared with spurs and riding-whip, and conducted her to luncheon, remarking "that he always felt more like sitting down after a hearty meal." At the sitting Bismarck talked most entertainingly of his experiences in Hungary, and interpolated an anecdote, which, strange to say, has heretofore escaped his numerous biographers.



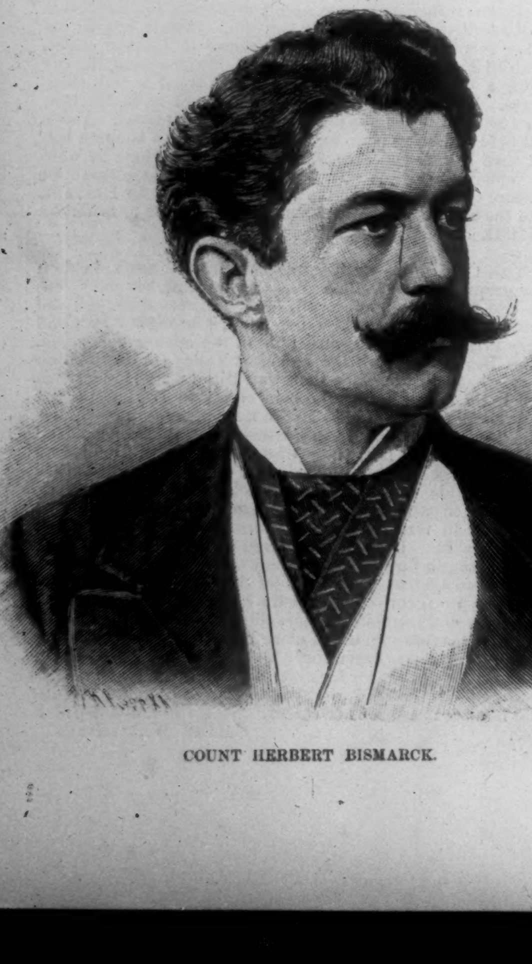
PRINCESS BISMARCK.

"It was during the uprising in 1848," he said, "that I passed through Hungary, and though I was then but plain Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen and a politician of small importance, the Austrian government provided my travelling coach with a mounted escort. One fine evening, when we arrived at a small town where the uncrowned king, Louis Kossuth, had many followers, the Hungarians, seeing my carriage surrounded by the despised Austrian cavalry, took me for a political prisoner on his way to execution, and made a rush to release me. I had to stand up on the box-seat and declare my identity in the worst Berlin dialect I could muster in order to prevent bloodshed."

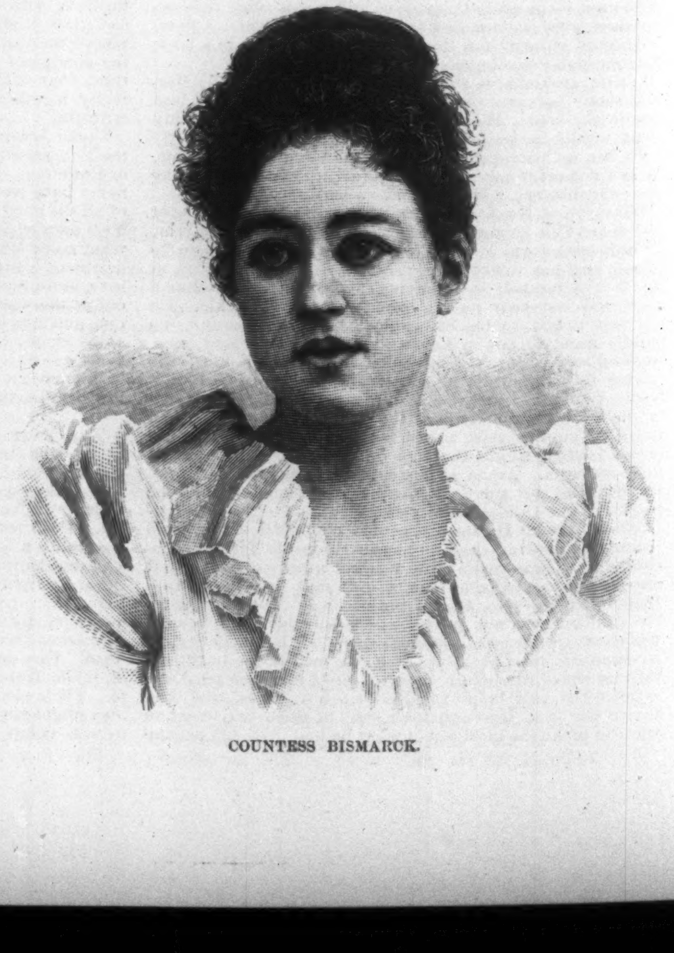
Bismarck would never sit still for more than ten minutes at a stretch, and always found a pleasant excuse for leaving his "tormentor" at the most inopportune moment. "There is plenty to eat in the house, and the less you work the oftener you will be obliged to visit us, and give me an opportunity of obtaining information about picturesque Hungary."

On one occasion Madame von Parlaghy somewhat reluctantly asked, "Durchlaucht, darf ich Ihnen den Kopf zurechtsetzen?"—the literal translation of which is, "Will your Grace permit me to pose your head?" In German it has still another meaning—"May I set you right in your mind?"

Bismarck good-naturedly applied the last meaning to his case, and quickly answered: "Yes; and the more you correct me the better. My wife, I am sure, will be delighted."



COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK.



COUNTESS BISMARCK.

THE BETHLEHEM CELEBRATION.

1742–1892.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, in the wilderness of eastern Pennsylvania, on a tract of land fifty miles north of Philadelphia, there was founded the Moravian Church settlement of Bethlehem. It was the first attempt of exiled Moravian settlers to obtain a foothold in the American provinces which proved permanently successful.

Their efforts to establish themselves in the province of Georgia, under the auspices of General Oglethorpe, where they had settled in 1735, upon a tract of land on the larger part of which the city of Savannah has since been built, were made unsuccessful by the neighborhood complications that arose from the unwillingness of the Moravian settlers to bear arms in the conflict which threatened between the English and the neighboring Spanish province of Florida, because of the impending war between Britain and France and Spain. Their flourishing plantation in Georgia was abandoned, which they had cultivated so successfully under the leadership of Spangenberg, Peter Boehler (John Wesley's friend), and David Nitschmann.

In 1740, under the leadership of the two David Nitschmanns—uncle and nephew, the latter a Bishop of the Church—a settlement was begun in the province of Pennsylvania, in the then county of Bucks (now Northampton County), on a tract of 500 acres of land purchased of William Allen. This tract was situated in the main on the north side of the Lehigh River, about ten miles from its confluence with the Delaware River—the forks of the Delaware.

Here Father David Nitschmann the elder cut down the first timber for the erection of the log house, December 21, 1740, which soon sheltered the family of first settlers, numbering about fourteen men, women, and children.

In February of 1742 a ship, the *Catharine*, was bought in London by the Moravian brethren for the transfer of a colony of fifty-six emigrants, married and single men and women, from the continent of Europe and from Great Britain, to the new settlement in the province of Penn.

The ship's company was organized as a regular Moravian congregation, with its stated times for religious exercises, its chaplain, teachers, exhorters, and nurses. A strict system was carried into the minute details of their associated life. It was a floating church. As such they were brought to this country on the *Catharine*, under the captaincy of Captain Gladman, who, together with most of the ship's crew, belonged to the Moravian Church. The *Catharine* reached New York at the beginning of June, after many narrow escapes from Spanish privateers, and landed her precious freight at Philadelphia on the 6th of June. Here they met a number of friends, who gave them a warm welcome to Pennsylvania, then the freest and most tolerant country in the world.

The chaplain of this ship-load of Moravian immigrants was Peter Boehler, of whose earlier visit to England John Wesley's journal (Thursday, May 4, 1738) says: "Oh, what a work has God begun since his coming to England! Such an one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away."

Thus re-enforced by the *Catharine's* immigrants on the latter's arrival at Bethlehem, after a four days' journey, mainly afoot, from Philadelphia, the company of Moravian settlers formally organized the Church settlement of Bethlehem.

For 100 years it was an exclusive Church settlement, presenting a unique example of the union of Church and municipal order and authority. No one was permitted to engage in business pursuits or handicraft within its corporate limits unless he was a member of the Moravian Church. Its secularities were administered by a Board of Overseers appointed by the Congregation Council; its spiritualities were intrusted to a Board of Elders and Elderesses. This Board in 1792 consisted of seventeen men and women, of whom the women constituted a numerical majority.

For the first twenty years (1742 to 1762) the Bethlehem community presented almost a counterpart of the early Christian community at Jerusalem, who "had all things common." In this missionary economy the products of the labor of the entire community were held in common, for the providing of a livelihood for all. They carried on a general housekeeping in the first twenty years, with a view to securing the necessary support of the men and women who were duly appointed to give up all their time to evangelistic missionary labors amongst the English, Swedish, and German settlers in the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and in New England, and especially amongst the Indians of New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania.

Marvellous was the success of the Moravian evangelist amongst the aborigines. Villages of Christianized and civilized Indians sprang up in the heart of the wilderness, and made it to blossom as the rose with the arts of industry and peace. Mysterious is the Providence which permitted these Indian settlements, one by one, to be blotted out in fire and blood at the murderous hands of allied white and Indian foes. The tragedies of the two Gnadenhüttens (Tents of Grace)—the one in 1755, on the Mahoning Creek, at its confluence with the Lehigh River, in eastern Pennsylvania; the other in 1788, on the Muskingum River, in northern Ohio—mark dark pages in earlier American history.

Fifty years ago the exclusive system upon which Bethlehem's affairs had been administered for a hundred years was abandoned. In these subsequent years a new Bethlehem has grown up into the proportions of a flourishing manufacturing city, occupying both the lower and upper banks of the Lehigh River. Still an educational centre, for more than a century the seat of the first girls' boarding-school established in the provinces, it now has, besides, a Moravian theological seminary and two colleges (the Lehigh University and the Moravian College). On the south bank of the Lehigh are the largest zinc works in the country. The iron and steel furnaces located there have within a few years been expanded into the most extensive plant in America for the manufacture of armor plate and heavy ordnance.

A city of wellnigh 20,000 inhabitants, with flourishing churches representing almost all the leading denominations in America, Bethlehem brings to the 150th anniversary of its founding loyal testimony to its heroic and consecrated past, and gladsome prophecy of its bright future.

BEFORE YOU TAKE A PACIFIC SLOPE

For the far west; before you go aboard your steamer, Pullman palace train, or emigrant car, see to it that among your outfit is an adequate supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicinal safeguard specially suited to the wants of tourists, travellers, emigrants, and summer sojourners. Cures nausea, dyspepsia, languor, heartburn, malaria, rheumatism, &c.

A GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL COMPANY.

THE announcement of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York, which appears elsewhere in this paper, is, like others of this great institution, one of deeds, and not a specious string of promises of what it will do. For more than ten years the Mutual Reserve has conducted its business in the face of steady criticism and competition, refuting by results all objections, and overcoming by steadily increasing success all opposition. Much of this achievement is due to the ability and enthusiasm of President Harper, who is not only an expert in insurance matters, but an organizer of success—one of the kind of rare men whom the late Mr. James Parton happily characterized as "captains of industry." The Mutual Reserve has deserved and commanded the respect of its old-line competitors, and now they openly acknowledge that its insurance is as good as theirs, and its principles as sound and business-like. The record of the company for the past ninety days would be with difficulty matched by any company in the world. It has paid $664,370 in death and other claims, carrying its total to its beneficiaries to over thirteen millions, and received during the first five months of 1892 applications for over twenty-four millions of insurance, carrying its total to $225,000,000. Its surplus cash reserve is three and a quarter millions, and its savings to its members amount to thirty millions of dollars, against the same insurance in level premium companies.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Apollinaris

PURE
HEALTHFUL
AGREEABLE
REFRESHING

In World-wide Use.

"*THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.*"

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Complexion Powder

Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and **Pozzoni's Complexion Powder** has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

For Sale Everywhere.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Mecosta
TRADE
MARK
I
25¢
FACTORY
TROY N.Y.

There will be music in the air during the Presidential Campaign, and the demand for bands and drum corps will be great.

Our 100-page illustrated catalogue will be sent free to any address for six cents in stamps to pay postage.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peek's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

FOUR-TRACK
TRUNK LINE.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"
NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

THE
North American Review FOR JULY,
Contains:
WHAT SHALL THE RATIO BE?
—BY—
Senators STEWART, Nev.,; HANSBROUGH, N. Dak.; and Representatives SPRINGER, Ill.; BLAND, Mo.; and DALZELL, Pa.
Lynch Law in the South.
By HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.
Lady Jeune on London Society.
By W. H. MALLOCK.
The Needs of the New Northwest.
By the GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.
POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.
I. BISHOP W. C. DOANE.
II. BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.
Lincoln as a Strategist—I. By A. FORBES.
Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine—II
By SIR J. WM. DAWSON.
The Use of Cathedrals.
By the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
Organized Labor in the Campaign.
By SAMUEL GOMPERS,
President of the American Federation of Labor.
Gambling and Cheating in Ancient Rome.
By RODOLFO LANCIANI.
THE SITUATION IN ITALY.
By Ex-Prime Minister CRISPI.
Railway Safety Appliances.
By H. S. HAINES,
President of the American Railway Association.
And other Articles.
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 EAST 14th ST., N.Y.

Hellmuth College,
LONDON,
Ontario, Canada.
For Young Ladies & Girls. Beautiful Home. Healthy Climate. Full Academic Course. Music, Art, Elocution, etc. Passenger Elevator. 150 Acres. Students from 25 Provinces and States. For illus. catalogue, address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE..........	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR..............	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Do you want to get into a coming bonanza in

CREEDE

AT BEDROCK?

If so, write to the

Little Maid Mining & Milling Co.,

208 X Boston Building, Denver, Col.,

For Prospectus.

This company has two mining claims, covering the extension of the wonderful Last Chance and Amethyst vein, at Creede, Col. Shafts are being sunk to intersect the ore bodies. Part of its stock is now being offered at a very low price, for the purpose of carrying on development, building roads, and erecting necessary machinery. Every dollar received will be applied to this purpose. The owners of the Amethyst have made five million dollars in eight months, from an investment of only a few thousand dollars. This company expects to do equally as well. A good time to buy mining stocks is at the beginning; and a good place is with a company where the business standing of the directory is above reproach. The directory of this company is composed of some of the leading men of the State. The enterprise is strictly legitimate, and will bear the closest scrutiny. Write for prospectus and further particulars.

OREGON THE BEST FIELD FOR INVESTMENT In the United States.

Present growth of **Portland** is ahead of any city in the United States in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1891, $138,127,000; Banking Capital, $15,846,363.00, Buildings now under construction, $3,864,000.00. We have a plan for the employment of capital in best investments in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly installments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. **Eugene D. White & Co., Portland, Or.**

GUARANTEED!

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest

We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.

PUGET SOUND LOAN, TRUST & BANKING CO.
(Paid Up Capital, $125,000.) New Whatcom, Wash.

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS! Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans. Highest references.** Address **FRANK J. HAMILTON, Fairhaven, Wash.**

GUARANTEED INVESTMENTS bearing liberal interest. **FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS** on improved property. Principal and interest payable in gold by N. Y. draft. Agents Wanted. Send for particulars to **Farmers Loan & Savings Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. 1891) free by mail for 2c. stamp. Immense. **Unrivalled.** Only good one ever invented. Beats weights. Sales unparalleled. $12 a day. *Write quick.* **Brohard & CO., Phila., Pa.**

9% FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS! Security perfect. Personal attention given. Highest references. L. C. CROSSMAN, Salt Lake City, Utah. **10%**

Summer Resorts.

LONG BRANCH.

HOWLAND HOTEL.

SEASON WILL OPEN JUNE 25.

Rates $4.50 per day and upwards. Rooms may be engaged at the Real Estate office of DOBBINS & LOEB, 45 Broadway, and at the St. James Hotel, New York.

HUGH F. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

HOTEL KAATERSKILL

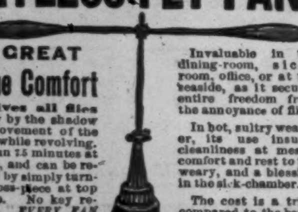
OPENS WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

RATES REDUCED FOR JULY.

Rooms can be engaged of Mr. H. P. BURNEY, Assistant Manager, at the Grand Hotel, Broadway and 31st St., New York.

THE FOWLER IMPROVED

KEYLESS FLY FAN.



A GREAT Home Comfort

It drives all flies away by the shadow and movement of the wings while revolving. Will run 25 minutes at a time, and can be rewound by simply turning cross-piece at top of base. No key required. *EVERY FAN GUARANTEED.*

Invaluable in the dining-room, sick-room, office, or at the seaside, as it secures entire freedom from the annoyance of flies.

In hot, sultry weather, its use insures cleanliness at meals, comfort and rest to the weary, and a blessing in the sick-chamber.

The cost is a trifle compared to the benefit derived from its use.

Price, $2.50 each. If you cannot buy from your hardware or house-furnishing dealers, write to

MATTHAI, INGRAM & CO., Baltimore, Md.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

BEATTY Pianos $175. Organs $49. Want Ag'ts. Cat. FREE. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

"Dinner is Served"

MAGIC WORDS – WHAT EPICUREAN DELIGHT THEY CONJURE – BUT ALAS! – WHAT DEPTHS OF MISERY CAN FOLLOW IF THE SOUP BE BAD

THE **WHITE LABEL EPICUREAN SOUPS** HELMET TRADE MARK

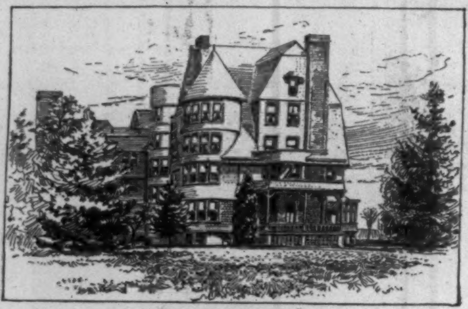
ARE THE ONLY INDISPUTABLY CORRECT CONSERVED SOUPS.

SEND 10 CENTS, OR NAME AND ADDRESS OF YOUR GROCER WITH THIS CLIPPING AND 5 CENTS FOR SAMPLE CAN.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
SOUP DEPARTMENT.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

17 VARIETIES.

THE AUSTRAL,



Brentwood, Long Island.

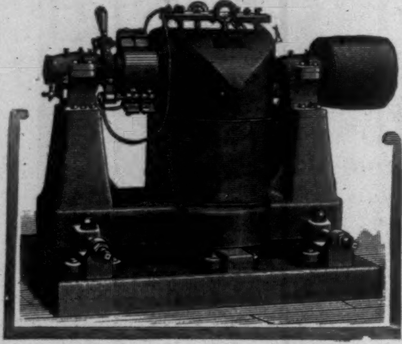
Forty-one miles from New York and Brooklyn.

One of the most satisfactory Health and Pleasure resorts in the country.

All Modern Improvements.

Send for Illustrated Circular, Time-Table, etc.

W. H. BOODY, Manager.



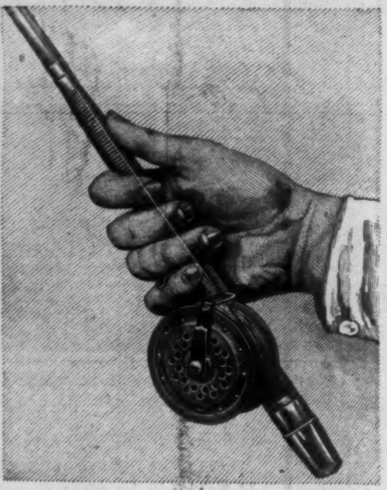
Card Electric Dynamo

economically lights stores, hotels, factories and other plants where there is an excess of steam or water power available.

Write for illustrated catalogue.

The Card Electric Motor & Dynamo Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

"The Little Finger Does It."



AUTOMATIC-REEL.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Send for Catalogue.

Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

YAWMAN & ERBE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OVER 1200 BICYCLES in stock. New and second-hand. *Cash or time.*
A. W. GUMP & CO.
DAYTON, OHIO.
Send for list.
AGENTS WANTED.
BICYCLES, GUNS and TYPEWRITERS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

"Our 50-page Illustrated Catalogue will interest you."

EXTENDED
&FOLDED
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

THE

PREMIER CAMERA

IS THE BEST IN MARKET

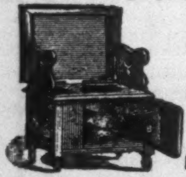
Simple of Manipulation,
Plates or Films are used
The Shutter is always set
Covered with Leather

PRICE $18.00

Send for Catalogue and copy of Modern Photography

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY
12 S. WATER ST. ROCHESTER N.Y.

DON'T PASS THIS.



OVER 26,000 IN USE.

This bedroom convenience is invaluable
For Invalids,
The Aged and Infirm,
In Cases of Sickness.

Prices, $8.00 to $14.00.

Send 6c. for 24-page Illustrated Catalogue of Earth Closets; 5c. for "*Healthy Homes: How to Have Them,*" 36 pages valuable information.

HEAP'S PATENT EARTH CLOSET CO.,
Muskegon, Mich.

GUNS, Fishing Tackle, Bicycles. Send 6c. for 100-page Ill'd Catalogue. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed **33 MILLION Lbs.**
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

KODAK

"*You press the button; We do the rest.*"

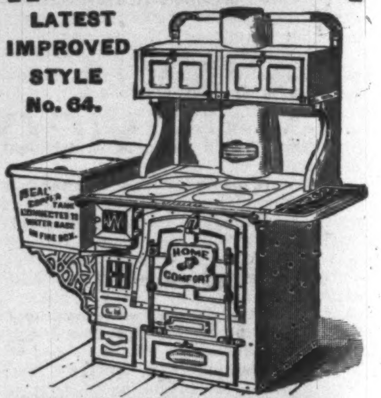
THE EASTMAN CO.,
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Send for Circulars.

KODAK

HOME COMFORT

LATEST IMPROVED STYLE No. 64.


SEAL COPPER TANK CONNECTED TO WATER BACK ON FIRE BOX.
HOME COMFORT

STEEL FAMILY RANGE.

Made almost WHOLLY of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL.

OVER 230,000 NOW IN ACTUAL USE.

This Range is SOLD ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMAN from our own wagons throughout the country.

WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
Sole Manufacturers. ST. LOUIS, MO.
Established 1864. Paid up Capital $500,000.
Write for Cook Book—issued free.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

$22. FIRST CLASS CURTAIN DESK Four and a Half feet long. Unlimited variety in stock and to order.
American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

By JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, and Other Kentucky Articles. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

The contents of the volume are full of vigor, and the light and shade is judiciously distributed to produce the best results. . . . A better account of many features of Kentucky existence not generally understood has not appeared for many a day.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

These are beautiful sketches. . . . In all the tales there is a delicious spice of romance—while the artistic taste in which they are told makes them models of good story-telling.—*Observer*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

☞ *Either of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

SYRUP of FIGS.

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.—Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.

MAKE YOUR OWN KUMYSS
IN ONE MINUTE.

KUMYSGEN

Carnrick's KUMYSS POWDER

A Product of Pure, Sweet Milk

The IDEAL FOOD in all cases where nutrition is an important factor and digestion is feeble. As nutritious as milk and ten times more nutritious than Cod-Liver Oil and far more fattening.

You can take sufficient Kumysgen with you to your summer resort to last a month or two, as it never spoils. You can make it and take it while travelling on steamer or railroad.

When all other foods fail try KUMYSGEN, but it is better to try it in the beginning and save time and strength.

It will perfectly satisfy your thirst and hunger.

When you have no appetite it will keep up your strength.

It is largely used by Physicians in all parts of the world.

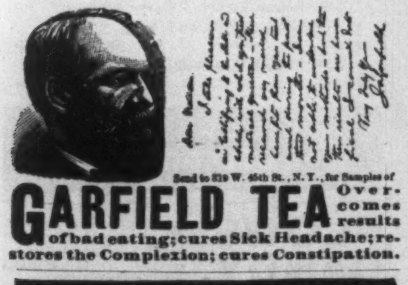
KUMYSGEN is the only preparation of Kumyss that will keep. All liquid preparations of KUMYSS will keep but a short time and are constantly changing in the bottle.

KUMYSS made from KUMYSGEN is far more palatable, easier digested and less expensive than the old style KUMYSS.

Unequalled by any other Food for Dyspeptics, Invalids, and Convalescents.

Send for Circulars. Correspondence Invited.
Sold by all Druggists.

MANUFACTURED BY **REED & CARNRICK, New York.**



Send to 319 W. 45th St., N. Y., for Samples of

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

WARRANTED to wear 25 years.—HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks.

Wright & Ditson
Championship

Wright & Ditson,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE LAWN-TENNIS RACKETS.

Sears Special.
Country Club (new).
Pettitt and Longwood.

"CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN-TENNIS BALL,"

ADOPTED BY THE

U. S. National and Inter-Collegiate Lawn-Tennis Associations, 1892.

Wright & Ditson's Lawn-Tennis Guide.

Our Guide for the season contains Changes in Rules, Articles on Tennis by Leading Players, Photographs of both Lady and Gentlemen Champions, and other items of interest. Price, 15 cents.

Wright & Ditson, Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for Lawn-Tennis Catalogue.

"Colorado in One Night."

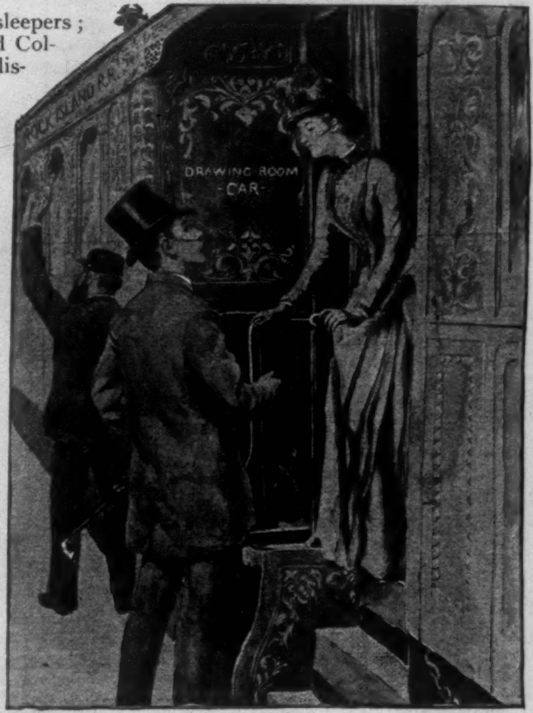
Another new train with all the luxurious appointments common to the GREAT ROCK ISLAND'S equipment has been added to the Colorado service. The "Rocky Mountain Limited" between Chicago, Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Manitou leaves Chicago at 10.45 every morning, immediately after the arrival of all fast trains from the East. Though a limited train, there is no extra fare. It reaches Denver the next afternoon—earlier than any other route.

There is no change of sleepers; passengers for Pueblo and Colorado Springs are not disturbed.

This train is specially designed for Summer Traffic, and consists of one baggage car, two sleepers, and one of our far-famed Dining Cars. It is lighted by Gas, and in Winter heated by steam from the engine. In fact, nothing is lacking conducive to comfort. It is as if you were in your own drawing-room.

Its counterpart leaves Denver daily at 9 A.M., returning over the same route, via Phillipsbury, Beatrice, Lincoln, Omaha, Des Moines, and Davenport, arriving at Chicago next day at 4.15 P.M.

The "Big Five" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 P.M. daily, arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning, being out but one day. No. 11 will leave as heretofore, at 6 P.M., by way of Kansas City, and reach Denver at the same hour as the "Big Five."



By these additions the Colorado service of the Great Rock Island affords two "Flyers" daily each way. "TAKE THE ROCK ISLAND!"

E. ST. JOHN, *General Manager,*
JOHN SEBASTIAN, *Gen'l Ticket and Passenger Agt.,*
CHICAGO.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. **All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.**
BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS
26 JOHN ST., N. Y.

ESTERBROOK & Co
FALCON PEN

THE BEST MADE.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25** cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Fun For Two.

All children enjoy a drink of

Hires' Root Beer.

So does every other member of the family.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious drink. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

LOVELY FACES,
WHITE HANDS.

Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as

Derma-Royale

The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birthmarks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.
Price, $1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, **$1.00 per bottle.** Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper.

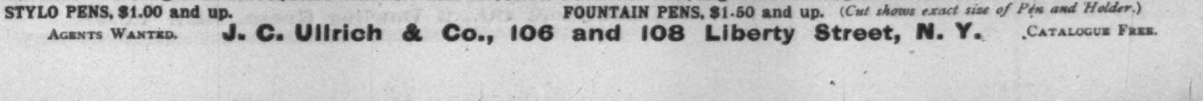
Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.

AGENTS WANTED Send for Terms / Sells on Sight **$10 A DAY.**

Address **The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY,**
Corner Baker and Vine Streets. CINCINNATI OHIO.

World's Fair VISITORS
Should Secure Furnished Rooms and Houses
NOW.
KING & CO., Real Estate and Investments,
No. 2 43d St., Chicago, Ill.

"INDEPENDENT" STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS.


"INDEPENDENT" PAT. JULY 5th 87.

FOUNTAIN PEN, Engraved Barrel, fitted with No. 3 Gold Pen, $2.50. FOUNTAIN PEN, Engraved Barrel, gold bands, fitted with No. 3 Gold Pen, $3.00.
STYLO PENS, $1.00 and up. FOUNTAIN PENS, $1.50 and up. *(Cut shows exact size of Pen and Holder.)*
AGENTS WANTED. **J. C. Ullrich & Co., 106 and 108 Liberty Street, N. Y.** CATALOGUE FREE.

ROYAL

IS THE

Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. *(Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)*

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. *(Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)*

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

Government Chemists Certify:

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"EDWARD G. LOVE, PH. D."

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., PH. D."

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

Do you want a cup of BEEF TEA? See that it is made from the GENUINE. Incomparably the best. Pure, palatable, refreshing. Dissolves clearly.

See Baron Liebig's signature in blue on each label, thus: J. v. Liebig

---

★FAMOUS.★

The Franklin Square Library series of cheap but first-class fiction, history, biography and general literature, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, is famous. In the Franklin Square Song Collection the publishers have applied this idea to music, giving for fifty cents in each number what would otherwise cost many dollars. The music is of the choicest, and the selections have been made with care and taste.—*Detroit Post.*

Price, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.00. Address the Publishers as above for full contents of the Several Numbers thus far issued, with Specimen Pages of Songs for School and Home, sent without cost.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Used by

ALL GOOD COOKS

The Year Round.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

Cycling Reason

Columbias are the finest bicycles because there are no other bicycles so fine. All about Columbias in Book About Columbias, free on application to any Columbia agent, or sent by mail for two two-cent stamps.

Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

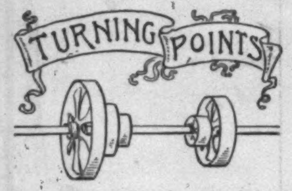
Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewers in England

—*Sold Everywhere.*—

New York Branch, 92 Pearl St. E. L. ZELL, Agent.

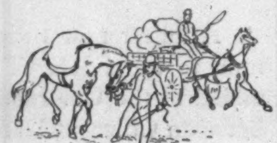
POWER OF WHEELS.

There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at its flood, leads on to "Victors."

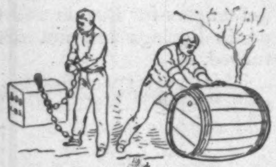


Do you know that the wheel is the connecting link between barbarism and civilization, poverty and wealth; that by it the world moves, and upon it all great work depends?

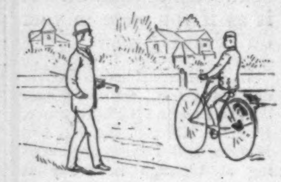
Do you know that the horse which staggers with 500 pounds upon his back trots off easily with 2000 pounds loaded on wheels?



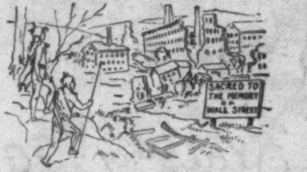
Do you know that if you were chained to 500 lbs. of iron in the form of a cube you would die if bread was but one-eighth of a mile off?—that in a cask you could roll 2000 lbs. around the earth?



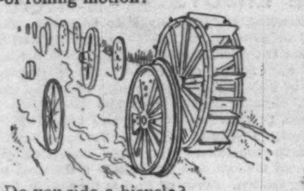
Do you know that every time you step you lift your weight (say 150 lbs.) one inch, which added up makes a lot at the end of a day?—that on a bicycle you can go farther, faster and easier in the same time?



Take the wheel from the locomotive and one-half the world's industry would die. Remove it from the car, carriage and factory, and the wealth of the world would dwindle nine-tenths. You would hear of no Goulds, no Astors, no Vanderbilts. Wall Street would go down a tradition to future generations.


SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF WALL STREET

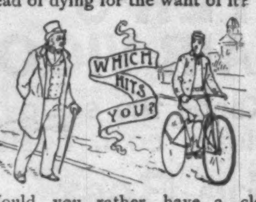
Are you making the most of power—of rolling motion?



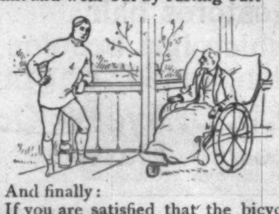
Do you ride a bicycle?

Are you satisfied to move along as your grandfathers did before you; patient and plodding, so long as you get there some time?

Or would you rather keep pace with the world as it rolls on, and look better, feel better, work better; to strengthen every muscle by enjoyable exercise, instead of dying for the want of it?



Would you rather have a clear head, carry it high, and be able to hit hard, jump high, sleep sound and eat well, or allow many muscles to lie dormant and wear out by rusting out?



And finally:

If you are satisfied that the bicycle is the "noblest wheel of 'em all"—that it is the steed of the immediate future, and the one to bestow upon you what medicine cannot—viz: good health—then the question arises, which bicycle is best?

There's always a best in everything, always one object that shines more brightly than the rest.

So it is with bicycles. The one which will run easier and wear longer than others is the one for *you.* It is called VICTOR, a synonym of the word "best."

You can get a catalog for the asking.

(Copyright 1891 by Overman Wheel Co.)

BICYCLE BARGAINS!

Owing to some special purchases just made we are able to offer Pneumatic-Tired High-Grade Safety Bicycles listing at $150 for $105; also, High-Grade Cushion Tires listing at $135 for $90, and a few $100 Cushion-Tired Safeties at $65 cash. Any sent C. O. D. on receipt of $5.

SWEETING CYCLE COMPANY, 815 Arch St., Phila.

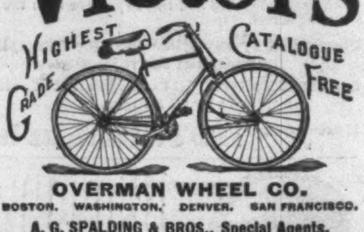
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

Victors



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Special Agents,

CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

TRADE E. & W. MARK

EARL & WILSON'S **LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS** BEST IN THE WORLD.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will despatch their first-class passenger steamers **FULDA** and **WERRA** from New York to the

MEDITERRANEAN,

on July 2, July 23, Aug. 6, Aug. 27, Sept. 10, Oct. 1, Oct. 15, Nov. 5, Nov. 19.

Travellers intending to visit the **Italian Lakes, Switzerland,** the **Tyrol,** will find this route the most direct, easiest, and most comfortable. Switzerland can be reached in six hours from Genoa.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. **78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.**

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by **FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.**

AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON, AUTHOR OF “DIANA’S LIVERY.”

I.

THAT it was a sort of mockery, Sylvia knew very well. There were tears in her eyes, and as she saw that she was getting a blurred view of outer things she gave a disgusted little laugh.

“As usual, I am playing with the puppets,” she thought. “I have got myself to a weeping pitch because it seems as if tears ought naturally to accompany one’s last look at the familiar.”

It was painfully familiar. There could be no doubt of that. For ten years Sylvia had seen it all to the uttermost verge of surfeit, but it appeared now as if there was a chance that when she had left the well-ordered brick houses far behind, she might be haunted with an inability to recall their exact look. She might forget whether the yellow blinds were in the next house or the house opposite, and the fat green tassels on the parsonage curtains might wholly elude her.

Sylvia felt that she wanted a sure background—cold, monotonous, rigid—upon which, as upon a primed canvas, the new wild life to which she was going should show itself in vivid outlines.

To this end she set the grassy curbs in her mind along with the straight gravel paths and patches of garden. A loose brick in a chimney hard by looked pinker than the rest, its crumbling shape softly rounded. Sylvia put this in the woof of remembrance as a sort of lock stitch which should hold the other threads fast.

She could catch a glimpse of the academy grounds, their trees sketched in sharply with the black pencil of March, the massive buildings nicking the white sky with rows of little chimneys. A thin cloud overhead parted, writhing with an effect of sentient pain. It seemed to embody Sylvia’s feelings, which had already defined themselves to her as uncomfortable only because they were not making her suffer enough.

As she let the brown reps curtains fall together, a man sitting by the grate gave her an anxious little look.

“Well,” he said—“well, Sylvia? Going pretty middling hard, is it? Giving up an old home, now—I tell you it’s—it’s rough.”

His long legs, clothed in countrified broadcloth trousers, were finished off with wide polished shoes, which curled up at the toes as in bitter resignation to their wasted capacity. His eyebrows, triangular in shape, hitching up at the inner corners, gave him a peculiarly shrewd look as he regarded his niece over hands set palm to palm, his middle-aged face tufted with a hollow beard, chinchilla in hue.

This expression, modified with alarm, took an easier mould as he saw that Sylvia, whatever her feelings might be, was not openly weeping. He had been preparing himself all day for tears, and it had seemed to him that the precise moment of overflow would be when the wagon came for the trunks. As they carried her boxes through the hall she would be reminded of that other burden which a month or so before had been borne over the boarding-house threshold, mocking the sunshine with its glitter of silver-plate. He himself remembered the long black shape and square coffin handles with a sense of shuddering.

“No,” said Sylvia, coming closer to the fire, “it isn’t very hard to give it up. I was trying to make it hard, but I didn’t succeed very well.”

To Captain Bylands’s surprise she gave a small sound of laughter, and then her brows knitted.

“I don’t like myself for being glad that I shall probably never see this place again,” she said suddenly. “My old home! I must be very slight of character. I have always this same sense of something thin and insufficient in my make-up. When people dislike or like me, I think, ‘Oh, you wouldn’t do either if you knew on how frail a base your sentiments rest!’” A shade of bewilderment crept into her voice. “Do you know,” she put in rather sharply, “I believe—I had almost forgotten that—that my father is out there in the graveyard.”

The captain’s foot took a judicial poise. “Look here, Sylvia,” he insisted, “you’re too honest with yourself. I d’know as we’ve got any reason for being sorry your paw’s gone. He never seemed to git much out of life, Jim never. I reckon he’s just as well off. He always got everything he wanted; but as soon as he got it, he didn’t want it! This earth’s a poor place for finicky folks. They’re better off”—the captain’s voice indicated no consciousness of irony—“in heaven.”

Sylvia leaned against the mantel, her meagre little chin in her hand, her yellowish eyes wandering over the serene face of the gilt clock.

“He never seemed happy,” she said. “I don’t believe he cared very much even for me. I never felt any sense of relationship with him, not as much as toward some of the other teachers at the academy. I knew I had to learn the lesson in literature because he taught it—that was all. After I graduated two years ago, he let me do as I pleased.” She smiled. “Perhaps he realized how abominably safe it is to give a girl unlimited liberty in a town like this.” Her eyes narrowed. “Uncle, I have hated it— this passive, objectless life! I can’t describe it. No one could unless he sketched with the pen of oblivion on nothingness. Tea parties, Chautauqua circles, an occasional lecture or musical quartet, these are the waves in our social pool. Of course, the water being so placid, there are never any wrecks. The little boats have only an effect of motion; the sailors wear blue ribbons in their hats; the waves are only painted waves. It’s safe travel, but you never seem to get anywhere.”

The captain stirred uneasily. “Unly thing is,” he began, “thet being used to all this soft fodder, you may find Kentucky pretty middling rough.”

“I’m sick of smoothness.”

The captain’s face assumed a gratified air. “Well, we got the husks on at Chamouni,” he assured her, cheerfully. “Our hearts are all right, though. We stick by our friends. Tell you! thar was a man from our town went over to Clingsville last fall, and got to filling up and junketing around. No harm in him if they let him alone; but some fellers got to projecting with him, and he shot two or three of ’em in their tracks. Well, sirs, we hustled that feller away before the marshal ever got his spurs on; rushed him off to the hills,” added the captain, in an accent of triumph, “and they hevn’t got him yit! Fine feller, Helman, but you can’t fool with a man thet’s drinking.”

“Well,” said Sylvia, a little slowly, as if this elucidation of the principles of friendship had confused her, “at least I shall see the raw material of human nature, and find out what men are like before civilization has patted and squeezed them into false shape. Only”—she sat down beside him, a questioning tremor at her lips—“do you really want me? Sha’n’t I disturb your old-bachelor life?”

“Disturb!” cried the captain. “Ever since Jim died I’ve just naturally ben carried away to think you’re going to belong to me. I’m your unly near kin, Sylvia. It’s a mighty lucky thing for me thet your paw never accumulated no property. You’ll make up to me for all.” He paused, adding briefly, “Jim hedn’t treated me square.”

Sylvia stroked his hand. There was a strange little pregnant pause.

“I don’t remember my mother,” she said, very softly, as if she feared to strike pain on some old bruise in the captain’s heart, “but she must have been very sweet, since you and he both cared for her.”

“She was a mighty good-looking woman,” said the captain, without emotion; “a fine figger and a good entertainer. But I’m just as well off as if I’d got her. I came in an ace of it,” he added, with an air of impartial criticism. “I hed her word, was on the homestretch, my nose scenting the wire, when Jim came stepping home from college in Danville and headed me off. He was ten years younger than me. We didn’t ’pear to hev the same stock in us. Kind of funny we happened to be brothers; though,” he cut in, picturesquely, “thar’s a heap of difference in timber out of one tree. Some branches ’ll be stanch, and some pithy. I was the butt log, heavy with being near the soil. He was a top twig, always sniffing at the sky, and a little light-weighted. Slick-tongued feller, Jim was, and women is such plumb fools—some of um,” interjected the captain, with a timely recollection of his hearer—“thet the best talker always gits um. They don’t know that the first lick rale love gits in is across a man’s mouth.”

He paused, abstractedly.

“I never heard the drum beat,” he added, in a moment. “Letty and Jim they run off and married, and Jim got a school up in Bourbon, and I never see them no more till Letty died, and I went to the burying. You was running all around, Sylvia, cute as a witch. And I found out thet Jim and her hedn’t struck it so very well, after all. They was like cypress wood and cedar—just rotted each other out.” He seemed to consider the force of this illustration.

Sylvia leaned against him. “Am I like my mother?” she asked.

She was staring into the fire, absorbed in a study of this commonplace story, which had meant fate to so many lives. She was thin and little, and her black gown made her face look whiter than usual. Over the arch of her nose the skin seemed too tight, and her lips, of a delicate freshness of color, were always apart. Toward the inner ends of her narrowly drawn eyebrows was a little dent, which gave her eyes a curious look of simulation.

She kept on stroking the captain’s big hand in an abstracted sort of fashion, her own fingers so slight, the suffusion of the palms and nails so pink, that streaks of airy color seemed to play about their movements, as if they were weaving the dawn.

"Am I too near for kindly criticism?" she smiled, recalling herself. She got up and stood a little away, her dark head high, the hair falling loosely backward.

An impression of stateliness crept through the captain's perceptions, mingled with something like bewilderment that it should result from so meagre elements.

"Er—no," he deliberated, "you ain't like Letty. She was mighty well-favored."

"Oh!" said Sylvia.

"Not thet you ain't," paltered her uncle, in a tone of urgent apology. "When you git to climbing over the Casey County knobs, and are fleshed up, and git some color in your cheeks—"

"I'll pass in a crowd," added Sylvia, a gleam in her lashes. Then she looked toward the windows, listening. There was a rumbling outside.

"They have come for our things," she said.

II.

The tall knob southwest of Chamouni was fleeced in patches of snow, soft and light upon the rough slope, as if a flock of sheep had scrambled down the hill-side leaving scraps of wool behind them. A lower rise to the left was blocked out in dense shadows, the sun being low, its last rays yellowing a glassy clump of stark trees on the summit to the likeness of black traceries in some antique resin.

Against the dark piles mottled with sparse firs, the little houses of the hamlet slanted a huddle of steep roofs, the slight snow melting about the chimneys in dark ovals.

The single street, starting out of the turnpike, shot with a sort of mild enthusiasm some hundred paces, fetching up very short at the freight-house, a low red building with a store in one end, its high platform leading round to the post-office, which occupied a furtive nook in the rear.

Hard by the store steps, a saddle-horse tied to a post which time had buffeted out of the perpendicular, whinnied shrilly as he pranced in his fastening. Four black hogs of an alert unswinish variety nosed the goose tracked road about him. The train was momently looked for, a circumstance which accounted for the men and boys gathering on the sheltered side of the platform. It was a group apparently something larger than usual, for a girl coming out of the store stopped to look.

"Waitin' on cap'n?" she asked, flinging back her short brown hair, which seemed to have an electrical quality and stood out. She shivered in her short skirts, her spindling, big-jointed ankles close together.

"Oh, me? I'm hangin' round to see ef cap'n's niece ain't about my size," explained a lank young fellow with long narrow dimples in his cheeks. His arms were extended in two rigid half-circles, the red hands hanging. He laughed as he spoke. "You better tell Mis' Lichens to mosey round and git up somethin' relishin' fer supper, Selesty! Cap'n's niece lives in God's kentry whar they eat light bread. She won't take to fat meat and sody biscuits—too fine-haired!"

"I ain't no pack-mule fer carryin' orders," retorted the girl, running down the steps. She pulled a shawl over her head and held the folds together with her teeth.

"Selesty don't often speak up," commented an elderly man sitting on a barrel, "but when she do she kin read yeh the law right down to the dot—hey, Hen?" He pulled at a wiry beard as he spoke, as if he were jerking loose his ideas. His coat collar, turning up about his ears, disclosed the unfaded outline of itself which it commonly hid. "Kind uh pity 'bout the passenger coach, ain't it?" he pursued, easily leaving the subject of Selesty.

"Wrecked again?"

"Jumped a switch yistiddy mornin' and got her side splintered. Thet coach beats anything goin'! Ben in thirteen wrecks in three months, and jest ez harnsome ez ever, 'cept thet so many folks gittin' hurted inside hain't done the fu'niture no good."

Henry Dye pondered. "Jake 'll hev to fetch cap'n over in the engine, won't he?"

"Yea-uh. Onlest they want to ride in a box-cyar. Jake's sick over the coach."

"Well, the engine's a mighty sight safer."

"Comin' over the Switchback nothin's safe but a dead man," protested the other. "I mostly do all my prayin' crossin' them trestles. Pray'r's a mighty comfortin' thing when you're slidin' down a mounting-side with a steam-engine ahead of yeh."

The younger man offered no views on this pious reflection, but knocked his knees together, his red-lashed eyes set on the toll-gate pole of Winklers, a small hamlet beyond Knob Lick.

Years before, when talk first rose of running a ten-mile railway from Clingsville on the Southern to some point of the timber-land westward, Winklers had great hopes of being the terminus. The railway men looked upon it with favor, but asked the hamlet to aid in building a bridge across Knob Lick, a levy which Winklers, secure in its reckoning, refused. The corporation arbitrated its cause with a spice of malice; but the little town, believing itself, according to the words of its leading burgher, to have "the bulge" on the magnates, was not to be moved with airy threats. Whereupon the capitalists, represented by a gentleman who had made his money in pork, and had perhaps caught some of the mental traits of the stuff he dealt in, declared their design of leaving Winklers out. They would fix their own terminus, and build a town to suit themselves.

A farmer of the name of Wimply was surprised one morning, as he sat in his cabin door, to receive an offer of four dollars an acre for his "*sur*vey," a lot of hilly land across the creek from Winklers. Wimply, having no mind to coquet with fortune, closed with this offer on the instant. A little hollow in the hand of the Knobs was chosen for the new town, and, as it were, overnight the sound of building rose. The railway grew fast, threading virgin forest, and zigzagging one steep hill-side in a perilous descent called Switchback.

At Chamouni, named from its hills by the pork-dealer, who had a lively fancy, lumber interests took hold. A hogshead factory went up, shingle-mills and stave-yards and the offices of outlying saw-mills spread on the banks of the Lick. Little sheds of houses sprung up among the lumber piles, and on the principal street, unpaved and curbless, a livery-stable and two stores faced down the freight-house.

The most important building in town was undoubtedly the hotel, kept by the widow Lichens. It withdrew reservedly from the business quarter of the town, a lean brown house, gashed about with two rows of red-curtained windows. In front a railless porch gave on a stretch of common. At the corner grew a half-dead fir, its rusty foliage disposed in flat planes about the thin gray trunk, like scraps of singed paper strung on an upright letter-file. Across the road were meadows stretching off to a purple sky-line. It was not a cheerful view, and Henry Dye recalled himself from a viewless regard of it with a distinct animation.

"Ain't thet number seven a-blowin' fer Switchback?" he asked. "Listen once. Hunk-hunk! Reckon the trestles is pretty safe to-day—froze solid."

He followed the others around the store corner, through the window of which a group of men could be seen in speech, their feet on the stove.

The narrow railway drove eastward in a groove between low hills, its tracks spangling the distance in a shining star. There was a long blast of steam as the engine dashed in sight, a little spitting black shape dragging a single brown freight car. The face of Captain Bylands appeared in the narrow window of the engine, smiling a greeting.

"Howdy all!" he cried.

There was an eager rush for his baggage.

"Yer, now, cap'n, give me all thet thar plunder. I'll be fightin' mad ef I don't git to tote some o' your stuff."

The captain was helping Sylvia off the high, slippery seat. "Here we are," he said. "This is Chamouni, Sylvia. Big jump, wasn't it?"

The men stepped back, to give her room to alight. Sylvia's face was trembling a little. She looked at the staring throng, the mean houses, the bald hills, the lumber piles. The yellow in the west was fading. Night was spreading over the sky like plates of iron which pressed the liquid sunset into an oozing thread. A lighted lamp, hanging in the Lichens House door, seemed to catch and hold a single drop of this melting amber.

"My niece," announced the captain, in a high tone. "These here are friends of mine, Sylvia."

But though they had been thus favorably commended to Sylvia's notice, the men hung back a little, vaguely struck with some sense of difference in the small figure before them. A desire to be cordial expressed itself in shambling feet and unpocketed fists and uncertain smiles.

Sylvia's hands were wrapped in an end of her long travelling-cloak. Her chin lifted sharply from the high collar, and her eyes looked small.

This was it, then? This was the new life, the land of which the stones were iron, the hills strength. These were the men, full of untrammelled vigor, who should pour vitality into her empty conceptions of humanity—men mighty as the men which were of old, before mortal blood ran thin and slow. For the briefest instant, as she faced the shrinking huddle of jean-clad forms, she thought how unlike her previsions of it the real place was.

She had been glad to think Chamouni would be rude and simple, but there had been something Homeric in her ideas of these Kentucky wildernesses in which she was to pitch her tents. She had fancied that in them life would manifest itself with a sort of Old-Testament breadth and meaning. If certain of the laxities of patriarchal days prevailed, they would only prove the presence of great primitive impulses, as pardonable as the knots in an oak, mere freaks of quick sap.

Glancing around, Sylvia had a spasm of the sort of amusement which sticks hard in the throat. And then she seemed to try a little for composure, and a faint color dashed her cheeks, the flesh of which was like silk and sagged softly inward.

In a moment she had stepped forward, her hand out, her lips touched with a cordial smile. "I am glad to know you," she said, quietly. "I hope you will all like me!"

III.

The Lichens House had been put up by the land company for a hotel, and while the town was booming it had served this end. But the timber was thinning out now, and many of the saw-mills had moved further on, and men still interested in business at Chamouni had for several years been holding out in the continually renewed hope that the railway would be extended into unbroken tracts of forest.

Despite the facile promises of the corporation, and the occasional appearance of an important young man with a kit of surveying instruments, Chamouni had for some time been taking on an air of creeds outworn. It seemed destined to fall into the condition of a number of little places along the railway, which had once been villages, but which at present, as Sylvia remembered seeing them from the engine window, were only scant groups of huts in the neighborhood of a gaping building without walls, the remains of a mill from which the machinery had been moved.

In this day of decline the Lichens House had no transient guests, except an occasional drummer, who never staid longer than overnight.

Captain Bylands fell into the class defined by Mrs. Lichens as "reg'lers." Young Henry Dye, clerk in one of the stores, was also one of these.

The house was accessible in front by means of a hungry-looking brown door, with a dark suggestion of unwashed humanity about the knob, and leading directly into a room known as the office. This office was not at first sight calculated to invite the casual eye with intimations of good cheer. Sylvia's first impression of it combined ideas of dinginess and blankness.

Its plaster walls were decorated about with a desultory dado of match scratches, resembling a fringy design of river reeds done in burnt sienna. There was nothing else in way of mural furnishings except an obsolete calendar and a little cracked mirror supported by a red tin box in which was a black comb with vaguely defined teeth. A roller towel flanked these arrangements for the toilet, and under the curtainless south window, on a long bench, were two basins, a bar of sanguinary-looking Castile soap, and a water-bucket with green hoops, its staves painted yellow and brown, in a sort of brindle effect, like a tortoise-shell cat.

"Hev a cheer," said Mrs. Lichens, rushing hospitably forward to greet the captain and his charge. "I hevn't got nothin' like I'd like to hev it, God help me! The land company won't keep the place up, and pore widder as I be, I can't unly do so much. Ef 'twasn't fer prayer, I'd be like them thet hopes without sorrer."

She pushed a chair toward the stove, which sat askew in a corner, its pipe running bias to reach the chimney without any waste of time or unnecessary expenditure of elbows. It was a vase-shaped affair, scaled with rust, its little door furnished with a rotatory apparatus for draught, which, being open, disclosed three wedges of fire-light. Beside it were two soap-boxes, one filled with coal, the other with sawdust.

Sylvia looked around at the splint chairs and bare floor. She wondered apathetically as to the uses of a certain black-framed pile set the length of the room—a structure which she learned had been a bar in local-optionless days before Chamouni set up private demijohns or got drunk on professional advice.

"Everything they *could* do to take the bread out'n my mouth," said Mrs. Lichens, "they went to work and done. They shet the bar on me, and lef' me with nothin' but the grace of God."

She had a way of sighing so pervasively that her comfortable shape shook like protoplasm. An expression of pious resignation sat with peculiar incongruity on her face, which was like a shining red apple, the wide mouth resembling a big bite in the white pulp. Her expansive skirts were always excitedly fluttering, and her small sleek head surmounted this bodily amplitude like the steel ped of a top.

Captain Bylands was still carrying a valise, and Sylvia's travelling-rug trailed over his arm.

"I reckon Sylvia 'd like to rest before supper," he said. "Mis' Lichens, you better show her whatever room—going to give her Number 6?"

He stayed Sylvia as she turned to follow Mrs. Lichens.

"Six is the best in the house," he said, doubtfully, "but it ain't what you ben used to. I want to say this, Sylvia, what it ain't got it kin hev."

Sylvia glanced back at him with that little tremulous smile which the captain had already come to recognize as a sign of sadness. When his niece was in a tranquil temper her expression was almost serious. That half-tearful sweetness of aspect the captain distrusted.

He could hear the two women's voices above in the landing, Sylvia's tones drowned in the sighs and protestations of Mrs. Lichens.

"Better let me bring you a cup o' coffee biled right strong. Or, I'll tell you"—her accents grew confidential—"a mouthful o' toddy 'll do you more good than anything goin'. I got some firs'-trate."

"No," said Sylvia; "I shall be all right when I have rested. I don't believe I like toddy."

"Some don't," admitted the landlady. "Me, now, I can't go the smell of it—churns me right sick. But I hev to keep it nigh me, ready mixed, in case some of the reg'lers was to be took suddint, like the twinklin' of a eye."

Upon this remark, at which the captain smiled cynically, the door closed, and he heard Mrs. Lichens rushing down stairs.

"Poor little soul!" he thought, taking from a wallet a few threads of fine-cut, and rolling them abstractedly together. "She'll be as still-mouthed as a rabbit if things don't suit her. This world's a sorry place fer folks thet won't holler when they're hit." He cast the brown wad into his cheek, and kicked the stove door open. The glow cast up his tanned face in a weird combination of russet and vermilion. "She ain't one mite like Letty," he pondered. "How soft-spoken she was to them fellers at the station! I misdoubt as I'll be able to keep her long. Some young sprig 'll come stepping up, and I won't be in it at all. I'll feel like filling him with lead; but then I won't be able to blame him none, curnfound his picture!" And then he heartened himself with the reflection that this indignation was untimely, and that Sylvia's marriage need not be immediately anticipated, since there were no men about at whom she would "shake a stick." "I'm kind of satisfied thet *he* ain't in the market," debated the captain, thinking of a certain young fellow who rose before him in a vivid insolence of handsomeness.

Sylvia's own sentiments were of an order too spiritless for tears. She got up the next morning with the sudden start which defines a prolonged resolution not to get up at all.

A cold dreariness prevaded the room, falling without encouragement on the red and yellow stripes of the hemp carpet, and pricking the cracked window-shade with little wan stars. It was not raining outside the mournful panes, the day seeming rather to be in that sullen stolidity of humor which conveys merely a fixed intention of gloom.

A dog in the hall was whining, and a man's voice uttered a gruff expostulation:

"Quit yer yelpin' befo' I boot yeh plumb down the steers, you yeller-fice cur, you!"

The window of the next room banged down, and some one in squeaking shoes tramped past Sylvia's door.

The whole of it—the barren newness, the harsh unwonted voices, the lack of interest, the hopeless lethargy of soul—this was life, and she must touch the heavy wheel and set the dull mechanism to moving.

"You'll find it kind of lonesome till you get acquainted," the captain said across the breakfast table.

Sylvia opened a biscuit, wondering at the pungency of the smell.

The table was long, and its cloths, despite their pronounced folds, had always a peculiar crinkled texture, as if they were never ironed. Their stiffness was characteristic also of the red napkins stuck about in the heavy goblets, the fringe rigid with starch.

Everything had an air of uncompromising durability. The lion and unicorn rampant on the upturned plates looked uncommonly belligerent. All the crockery was thick. Glass hats of toothpicks sat imposingly among the pies and poached eggs. The catsup bottles alone won the eye with an air of careless unconcern. Their sides were bedraggled, and over their clogged necks their tin caps cocked with a rakish joviality.

"Right gay town, Chamouni," put in Henry Dye, across his knife blade. "We hev lots of doin's here—sociables, dances—the reg'ler thing," he added in a large way, assuming the social ordering of Casey County to be that with which Miss Bylands, himself, and other folk of experience were most familiar. "Always something on the boards. Thar was a man killed down on the pike yisterday."

"Oh!" cried Sylvia. "Who?"

"Feller the name of Jackson."

"And the murderer?"

"Ma'am?"

"The man who did the killing?"

"Oh! Feller the name of Filkins. Done a good job layin' out thet Jackson. He's ben cavortin' around fer a week, drinkin' and spilin' fer a scrap. He tackled Filkins, and Filkins pulled on him."

He poured his coffee carefully.

"Did he—escape?"

Henry Dye looked indignant. "No, he never! He 'ain't got no call to tuck tail and run, Filkins hain't. Jackson warn't no good." He added, pleasantly: "Everybody likes Filkins—heavy-set man—wears a beard. I'll bring him around some evenin'. He always likes to talk to the girls, Filkins does."

Sylvia regarded him gravely, remarking the length of the dimples in his cheeks, the mild greenness of his glance, which would have been blue but for its mixture with sandy lashes, and his smooth hair, precisely the color of a fresh carrot. When he smiled, his lips defined a diamond shape.

"He will be hanged, won't he?" asked Sylvia.

"Oh, ef the law goes to foolin' with it, I reckon he'll take to the bush till it blows over—huh, cap'n?"

The captain expressed his views of the matter. Then, in deference to Sylvia's probable ideas, he pursued: "I don't know as it makes much real difference whether the lawful is the mighty or the mighty is the lawful. When you say might makes right, I reckon you ain't very fur from eternal justice. Providence has pretty fair jedgment; in a knockdown fight it generally sides with the best hitter." He got up to go. "Well, be good to yourself, Sylvia. I've got to go down to the office and see how business is. Delk got away yesterday, didn't he, Dye?"

"Who's Delk?" asked Sylvia.

"Fohty-second cousin of yours thet's in the lumber business with me," said the captain. "Now if you get lonesome, you come down. I'll send some of the girls to visit you. Rosetty Valley, now! You'll like Rosetty—reg'ler beauty, fine figger; but—well, I don't know as Rosetty's much of an entertainer."

"Mighty sweet girl," commented Henry Dye, drawing a stream of coffee by sheer force of suction across the space between him and the table.

"Does she live here?"

"Mile beyond Winklers. She ain't home jest now. Visitin' her kin over at Liberty."

IV.

Whether or not the absent Rosetta Valley would have helped out with her lauded presence Sylvia's first weeks of tenting in the wilderness was a question which Sylvia herself settled negatively.

She was carrying off her dissatisfaction with as good a face as she could summon, but Chamouni struck so rough upon her bruised conceptions of it that smiles came hard, and she had no wish to enlarge the group before which these factitious amiabilities must be kept up.

The unalloyed humanities were by no means so interesting as she had figured them. So far as Chamouni expressed them, they seemed to engender a mild tolerance for morality and a great capacity for getting drunk and shooting off rifles. Sylvia had expected a lack of social tyrannies, but she found them in full curl, except that here they operated to laxity rather than restraint. The bounds between public control and individual liberty were broad and simple. A man could do with safety pretty much as he pleased unless his desires conflicted with those of some one else, in which case the effective logic of the trigger decided the argument in favor of the better marksman. Guilt was a question of expedition. If the malefactor could get away before the hand of the law reached for him, his innocence was established; if he were caught, his friends regretfully admitted a fear of his criminality.

That this fashion of life offered immoderate chances of lofty experience, Sylvia began to doubt. It seemed to her that it was not life any more than existence had been life in her Ohio town. All that could be said of it was that it was less abstract.

Sylvia had felt always that she was not really living, but that the dull round of village days was merely a sort of greenroom interval, in which she waited for her cue to go on the actual stage. Meanwhile she practised her steps a little, and tried to be patient, expecting each day to ring up the heavy curtain for her.

She could not adjust herself to a belief that her part in the human comedy was to be such a part as her friends accepted gladly—a husband, home, children. She was willing to think that her lines might ultimately range through these established commonplaces; but surely there would first be something a little more dramatic, something in way of a situation, some slight posturing before an appreciative audience, some adventuring with destiny, some toying with tremendous issues.

The idea of Kentucky had held at least an intimation of such possibility as lies in change. From her side outlook she had been glad to see the domestic scenes shifted for new flats rich with greenery and full of dark vistas, in which lovers or conspirators might with equal likelihood show themselves.

She had been in Chamouni several weeks, and the vistas were still merely voids in which neither hero nor villain appeared. The hand of fact as yet refused to put her plastic world of fancy into shape. Sylvia found nothing to do. She spent long hours at her window staring at the knobs, bald, hairy with empty trees, seeming to threaten the white sky like the clinched fists of wretches shaken in a monarch's impassible face. Sometimes a buzzard careened ominously round the distant summits in lowering circles, and at the sight Sylvia's soul smelled the savor of death.

When the sun went down, warming the desolate uplands; when a cow-bell tinkled and the bark of a dog rose over the lowing of the long-horned cattle—at such times the insidious melancholy of nightfall wrapped round her like a burial-cloth.

It was scarcely better in the morning, for the freshness of the fields, the renewed vigor of the unworn earth, only sharpened her sense of the futility of the things about her.

Her dreams were done.

She was doomed to waste at noonday. The rich wine of knowledge was never to invigorate her asking lips. She was to have only such part with breath as beasts have without prayer—a bed, food, sleep.

Even when she let her ideals slip the leash, and tried to take Chamouni for what it was, she found herself still in an orbit in which everything set a mock on her traditions. The Hines girls were her last illusion.

She had noticed from her window the little white house where they lived—two old maids with an air which Sylvia had determined as an air of proud poverty. It was a prim cottage, with a flower pit in the yard hard by a slim, diffident pink pump, the handle of which shrunk beside it as if deprecating notice. It reminded Sylvia of the Hines girls themselves. She saw them often in the yard hanging out their chaste wash or wiping off a window-pane. They were homely women, their flat shapes unmodified by the artless lines of their print frocks. Their mild plain faces had the look of a youth which is resigned to time, and everything about them suggested the unchangeable spinster of fiction, occupied in a covert survey of the neighborhood doings.

"I think I should like to know the Hines girls," said Sylvia to Mrs. Lichens.

The landlady's lips fell wide. "The—who?"

"Those old maids in the white house on Knob Lick."

She wondered at the conflicting emotions in Mrs. Lichens's face.

"Never pass their names," said the landlady, in a hoarse whisper; "they're mean!"

Sylvia stared.

"Triflin', you know," explained the other, with a glance of intelligence.

"Oh!" said Sylvia.

"I pray fer um," said Mrs. Lichens; "but speak to um, even over the fence, I do not."

Sylvia had a curious change of sentiment toward the Hines girls. Their little black dog, which they could be heard calling every night, lost to Sylvia's eye his look of virtuous watchfulness. She distinguished in him a rollicking pertness, as of a terrier used to carousings. Her fancy played darkly over his sleek shape, and he came to seem absolutely diabolic as he leaped from the kitchen door of mornings. She never quite succeeded, however, in tracing the semblance of Phryne and Lais in the bony contours and honest, hard-working faces of his mistresses.

They dazzled her moral sense by the way in which their obliquity escaped conventional color. She was all afield if these women, living with their little dog, wearing heelless gaiters, and killing a chicken for Sundays like proper folk, were gayly treading the primrose path.

Sometimes to please the captain she went down the street to his office, a one-roomed hemlock structure two doors beyond the small drug shop. It had two very high desks and a fat stove, which, from its bent legs, seemed always doing a courtesy to visitors. Round the wall were narrow benches, nicked with the knives of the ox-drivers, who commonly occupied them while waiting to have their loads of logs inspected.

Sylvia had chanced in the office one morning in time to catch some strongly simple language from the teamsters, who, as they caught the captain's scowl, held up rather blankly. Afterward the captain had explained to Sylvia that their oaths were a natural and inevitable corollary of their business, and that she had better thereafter come to visit him later in the day, when the teamsters were disposed of.

"For it's no use to speak to um," he admitted. "I never see an ox-driver thet didn't cuss, and I never expect to. Looks like human nature can't stand dealing with plumb fools, nohow."

One evening in March, having been in the house all day, Sylvia thought of going to write a letter at one of the high desks. She had been so long mewed in her close room that as she stood on the porch drawing on her gloves, the outer world seemed to grasp her as with a great cool hand, and the feeling which stirred through her veins was a complete influx of vitality. A clear light empurpled the hills, and the gray sky was slashed in windy chrome. Far up the road the wagon ruts pierced the distance with an arrowy gleam. A spotted cow was tramping by, the sharp breeze lifting thistle-balls of white fur along its spine. As Sylvia stepped on the elastic ground, a pig lying by the porch opened and shut one eye apprehensive of her approach, its bare tail, singularly like the loop of a hemp rope, running down its back.

She passed by the store, nodding with a smile at the group about the door—men with lean necks and wide hats, and clothes which seemed to partake of the color of the soil. The hills ahead disclosed a heartening hint of green, little dashes of white here and there against them, like chalk strokes on the dark background, indicating the site of a house with a smoking chimney.

The captain was poking the fire. He hailed his niece with a shout of welcome. He kept the office too warm for occupancy, and Sylvia exclaimed at the heat as she threw off her cloak.

"Well, I hate half-way doings," said the captain. "Give me straight goods and full measure every time."

"Good or bad," laughed Sylvia, climbing on one of the tall stools.

"Well, yes," her uncle decided. "If a man sets up for a sinner, I like to see him go ahead without crawfishing. Half-way wickedness is the meanest kind."

"Most of us have a little conscience, even in our misdeeds," protested Sylvia, trying a pen.

The captain observed that she had got to writing, and he refrained from a further statement of his views. He glanced from the stove, now translucent with heat, to Sylvia's bent head and moving hand. The view from the window momentarily occupied him. He gave a near-sighted squint at a man approaching in the road.

The door opened, and Sylvia heard him say, "Hello!" There was a noise of entrance.

"Didn't look for you till next week," went on the captain. "How's trade up the river? You look thriving."

Sylvia turned round.

The new-comer was a young man in a long shaggy coat. He was glancing at her as he shook hands with the captain, and in the dusk light she saw that his face had a swarthy richness of color, and that a slight thread of dark beard touched his lip.

"My niece," announced the captain, catching this interchange of looks. "Sylvia, this is Delk Bylands. Heard me speak of him, I reckon. I've raised him to the lumber trade, but he don't know it all yit. Hunh, Delk?"

The young man strode forward and took her hand in a grasp slightly too cordial for comfort, though Sylvia was aware only of being amused at the unfashionable intensity of his manner. He loosed his hold of her fingers rather suddenly. Their texture had given him an indescribable sense of softness and cold. It seemed to him that he had a sort of mental shudder as they fell into his palm, touching and clinging with an insidious delicacy. He wondered if his rough clasp had not rubbed that fine skin into a film like a harshly handled flower petal.

"Sylvia's ben heving kind of a sorry time of it here in Chamouni," said Captain Bylands. "No one to run round with or nothing. I'm no more good than a green stick since rheumatism's worrying my knee again."

"Oh, we have very good times at night," expostulated Sylvia. "We build big fires in the office and pop corn. Uncle tells stories. Some of them are very strange," she added, doubtfully.

Delk laughed. "Oh, I know those stories," he said. "Has he told you about that buffalo hunt?"

"Yes; and about the bushwhackers who were hanged with picket ropes."

They laughed together, exchanging glances of intelligence.

The captain smiled grimly as he got into his coat. "Come on up to supper with us, Delk," he said.

Delk seemed to hesitate. Sylvia gave him a look of gentle encouragement, supposing his uncertainty the result of a half embarrassment. As she moved round on the stool the last rays of the levelling sun picked out a purple bloom on her dark hair and gave her colorless face the lucency of melting wax. A black girdle emphasized the slightness of her figure. She looked slim and fragile as a cypress.

Bylands observed her with an interest in which a curious reluctance had part. She struck him with a grace which seemed subtler than beauty; but whatever her charm was, its expression appalled him a little—almost as if a phantom beckoned him.

"Oh, come on!" commanded the captain, an accent of amusement in his voice. "Unless—" he paused, with a graphic expectancy, his finger over his shoulder.

Delk seemed to redden. "Why, I accepted your invitation long ago," he declared, lightly. And Sylvia fancied his voice had a note of challenge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOBOLINK.

BY JOEL BENTON.

WHERE rosy maids move through the meadow's clover
In opulent June, with her blue sky held over,
Comes now the rarest bird-song yet, I think—
That of the breezy, boisterous bobolink.

See him go up, up, up, with dulcet phrases,
Out of the thick-green grass, snow-white with daisies;
His frenzied scores he hurries to deliver,
And shoots them off like arrows from a quiver.

"*Che-rick, a-runk, a-ruck, che-rick, a-rucky*,
I've met my summer love. Am I not lucky?"
Is what he seems to say above the grasses—
A song that fits the hearts of lads and lasses.

How well this black-white singer, keen and knowing,
Keeps his exhaustless music fountain flowing!
Far over road and field, and dell and river,
His warblings spread from plumage all a-shiver.

How fair the lush rich landscape all about him!
June would be less than half of June without him.
"*Che-rick, a-runk, a-ruck, che-rick, a-rucky*,
I've met my summer love. Am I not lucky?"

The rosy maids still move amidst the clover,
Wishing the pretty song were never over.
A single gun re-echoes on the mountain,
But nothing dulls the bobolink's bubbling fountain.

O joyous harlequin of Orpheus mettle,
If for a moment on some rail you settle,
'Tis only as a pause, just to retreasure
A fuller trill in your most matchless measure.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

As the enterprise of the Chicago Columbian Exposition goes forward, the general scheme becomes apparent. The entire design is nearer the perfect to-day than it was yesterday, and it will be nearer to-morrow than it is to-day. There is a change in the direction toward the complete that is quite visible weekly—nay, one might say daily. That is because the work has been and is simultaneous on all its parts, and the effects are felt in the appearance of the whole. Little more than a year ago the site was simply a vast waste of sand flats. The low shore was as wild as nature's self, and Jackson Park was an own sister to nature. The only appearance of life presented in the scene was in the dismal flight of a gull across a sandy cape, or now and then in a hardy fisherman angling in a little bay. So it seemed a year ago.

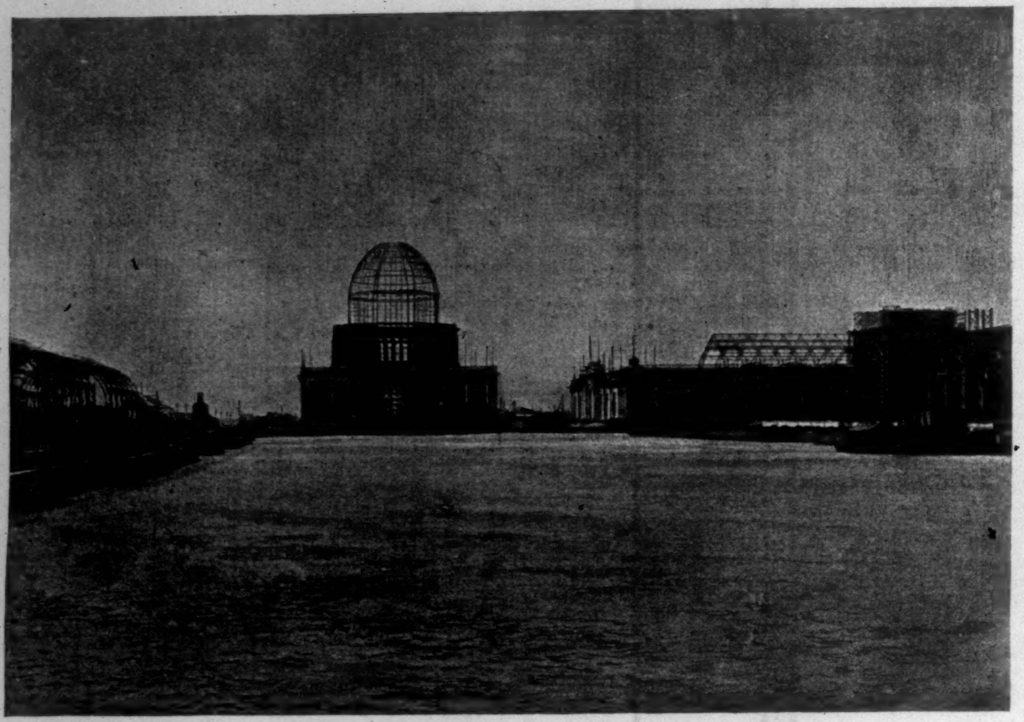
Now there are both life and art there. Life in the hundreds of thousands of human beings that have tramped over the sand and along the new avenues, that have come by land and water to study and to marvel, that crowd through the narrow gateways, impatient with anxiety to overlook this modern wonder; life in the fretting engine and the humming saw and the echoing hammer and the swinging beam; life in the rolling lawn, deftly cut, and green as the summer itself; life in the trees and birds and men and beasts of burden and sparkling water. As for art, Europe and America have come together to clothe this sandy waste with a great strength and breadth of beauty not often seen in this world.

It is difficult to describe the World's Fair in such a manner as will leave a correct impression on the mind of the reader. The laborers have been at work but one year; there remains to them yet almost that much time to finish their task; and yet, in a way, the plan seems already executed. Of course there is a gauntness about the great arches and a drab appearance to much of the ground-work, with a little too much suggestion of naked timber; but more than a moment's examination is necessary to show the bare spots, and to realize that but a fourth or less of the decoration has been done. If mere size were the only element of the remarkable in the plant, the description would be less difficult, for then mere figures and comparisons in numbers might be used for the purpose. But here there are great extension, size, nobility, and compactness; size with detail, and detail with detail; masses with close and meaning relation to masses, and lines with lines, or, as the art critics call it, composition.

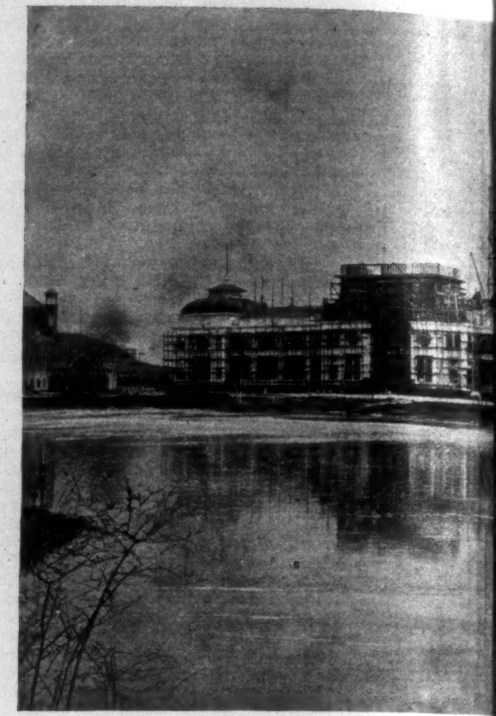
With one or two exceptions, the buildings of the exposition are all among the most extensive structures with any pretensions to architectural beauty ever designed by man. They cover 606 acres of land—one building alone has a floor area of 32 acres about—and they are grouped so as to present the compact and orderly spectacle that is shown in the official "bird's-eye view" painted by Mr. Charles E. Graham. The engineers and architects who made the ground-plan of the fair and who grouped the buildings dealt only with the small perspective drawings of the designers, and had a large sheet of paper for their site. But a picture is one thing; the reality is quite another. Thus can be readily appreciated the statement that a picture, however accurate and well drawn, hardly prepares the mind for the impression it is bound to take on looking at the spread as it really appears in fact.

Without any definite knowledge of the truth in the case whatever, I have been convinced of one thing whenever I have walked or driven through the avenues between the buildings at Jackson Park. It is this: while the architects that designed the structures sought to harmonize their ideas in the perfect unity of thought in the whole of any one building, any section of that building, taken haphazard, seems to be a complete study in itself. This, I presume, is the real art of architecture, but it is by no means a matter for popular understanding. Nowadays, when every shopkeeper is his own art critic, comment should be forth-coming. At the same time, when strong scholars have nothing but expressions of the highest commendation for the rare taste displayed in World's Fair architecture, it is reasonable to suppose that the work lies a little deeper than popular understanding goes. At any rate, it is quite certain that the one feature of World's Fair architecture that has caused most comment is the remarkable manipulation and distribution of detail over such extensive surfaces, and a preservation at once of harmony and good proportion. Here is an illustration: A member of the construction bureau was showing an Eastern visitor through the grounds. They had started at the north end of the Horticultural Hall, which had been pointed out and named to the visitor. The pair conversed as they proceeded, and the visitor's attention had been

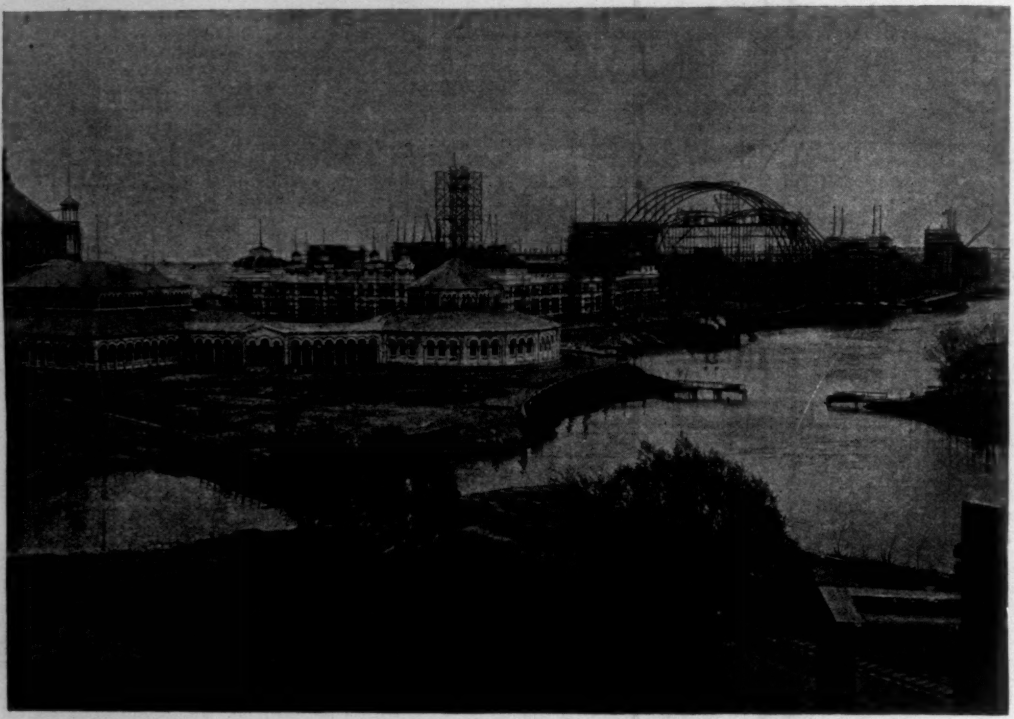
(*Continued on page 646.*)



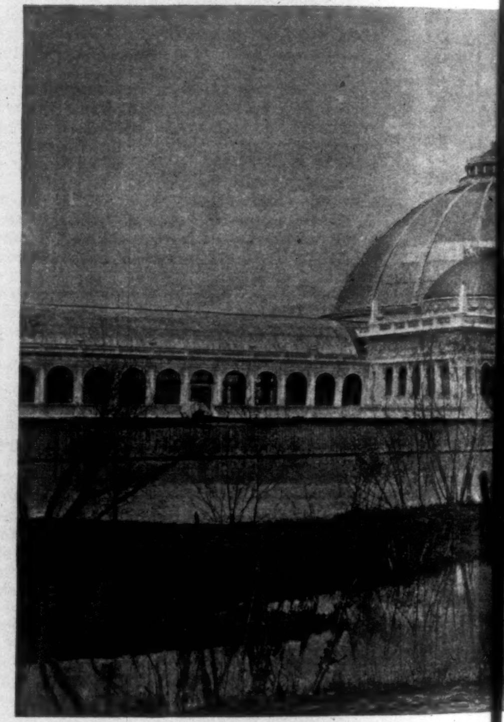
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



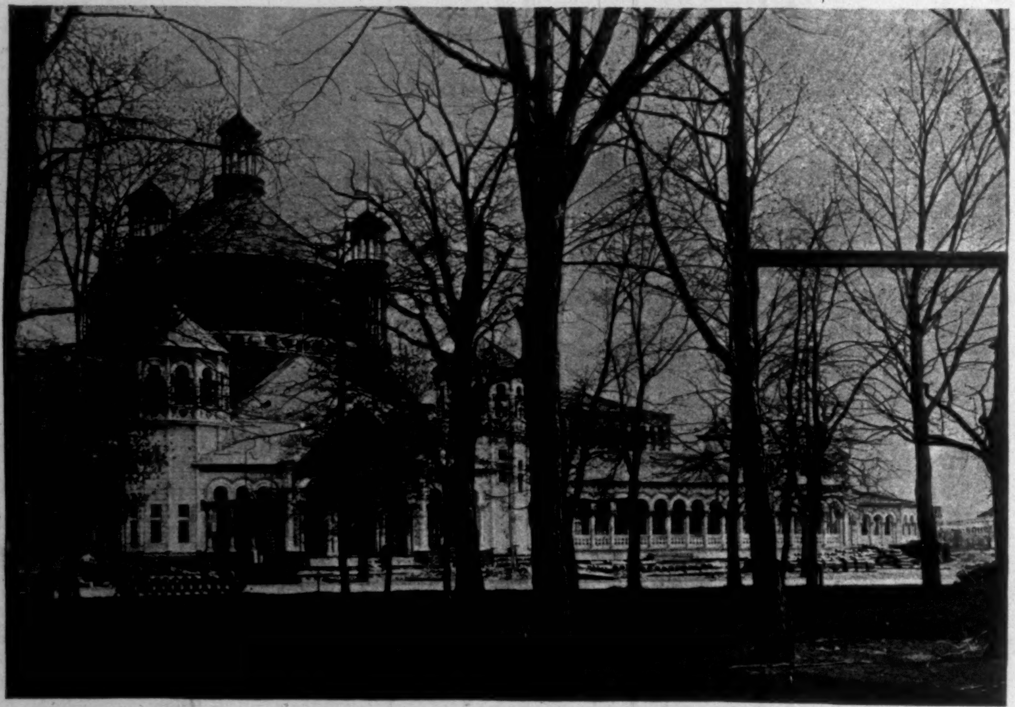
GOVERNME



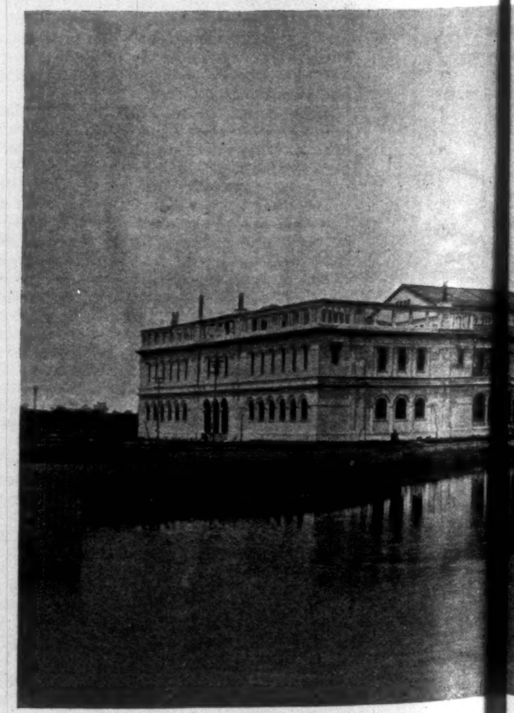
FISHERIES BUILDING. GOVERNMENT BUILDING. LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.



HORTICULTU

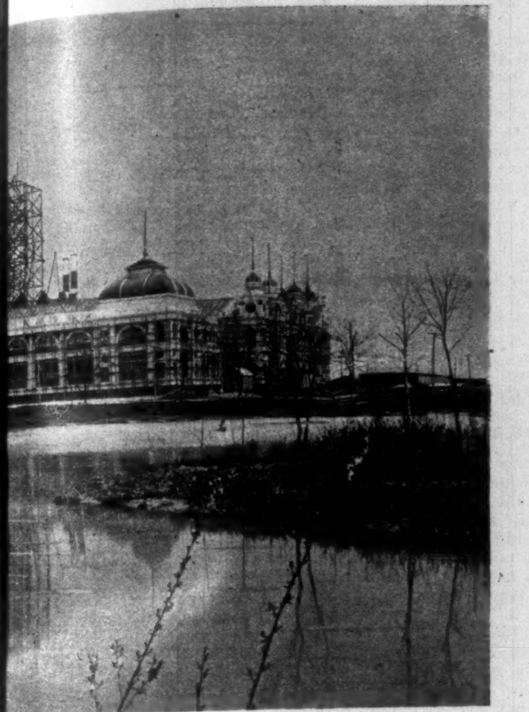


FISHERIES BUILDING.

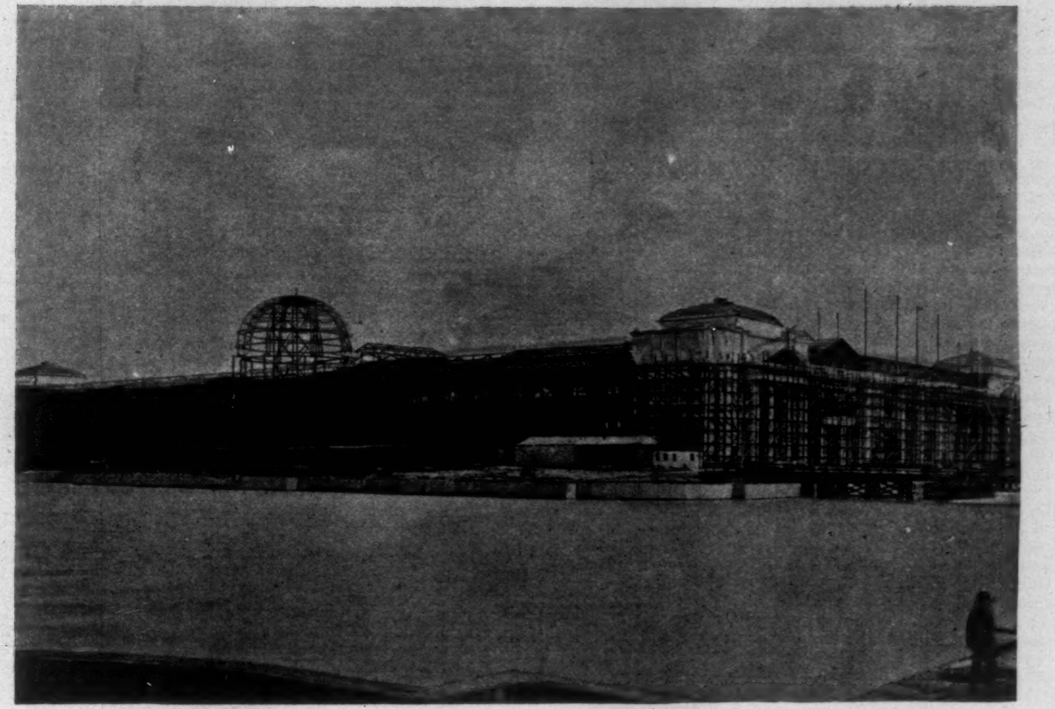


WOMAN

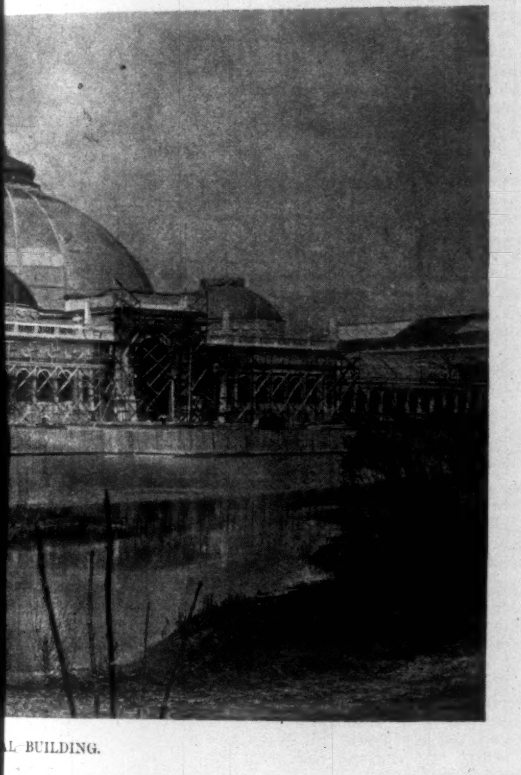
THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO—BUILDINGS IN



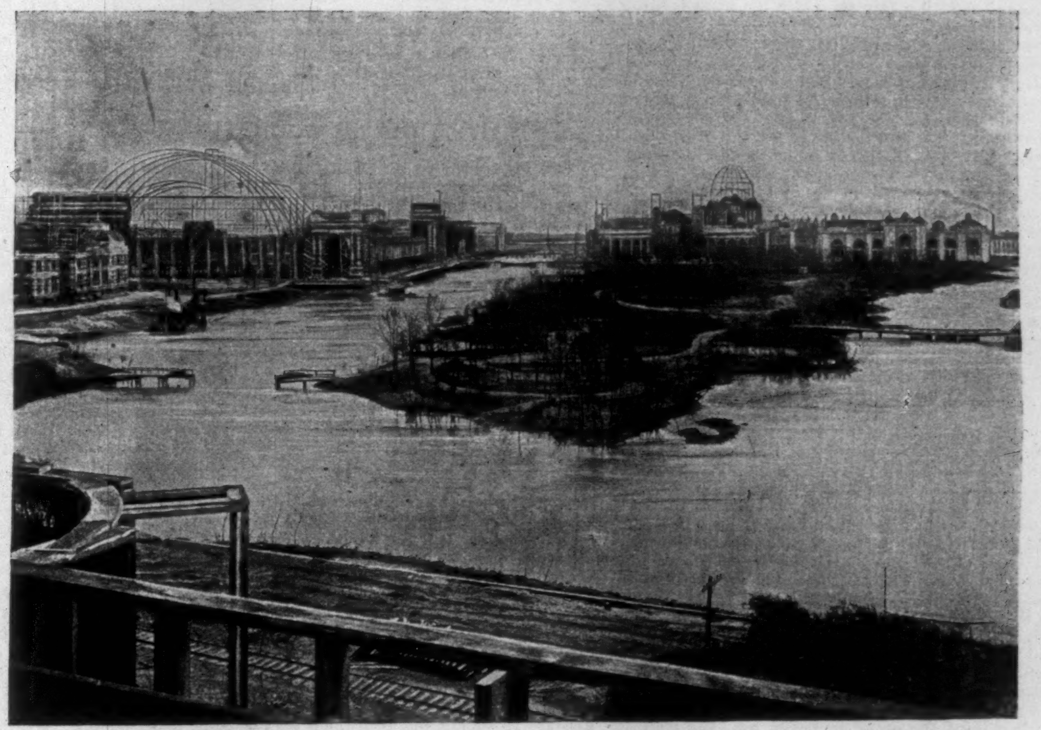
NT BUILDING.



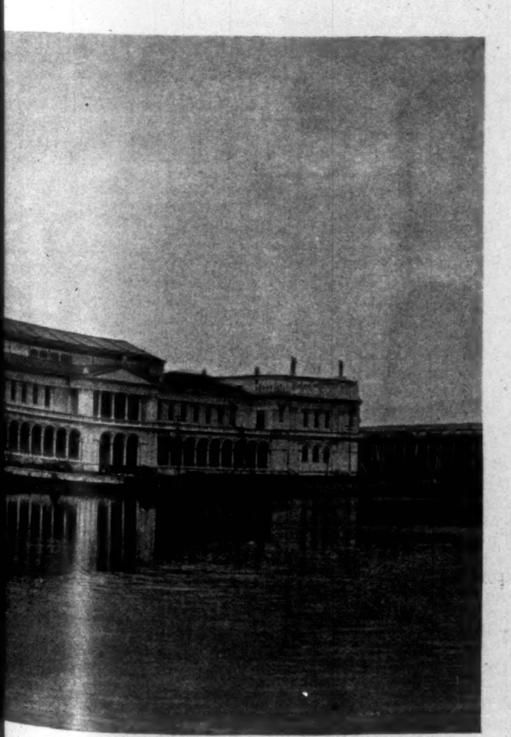
AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



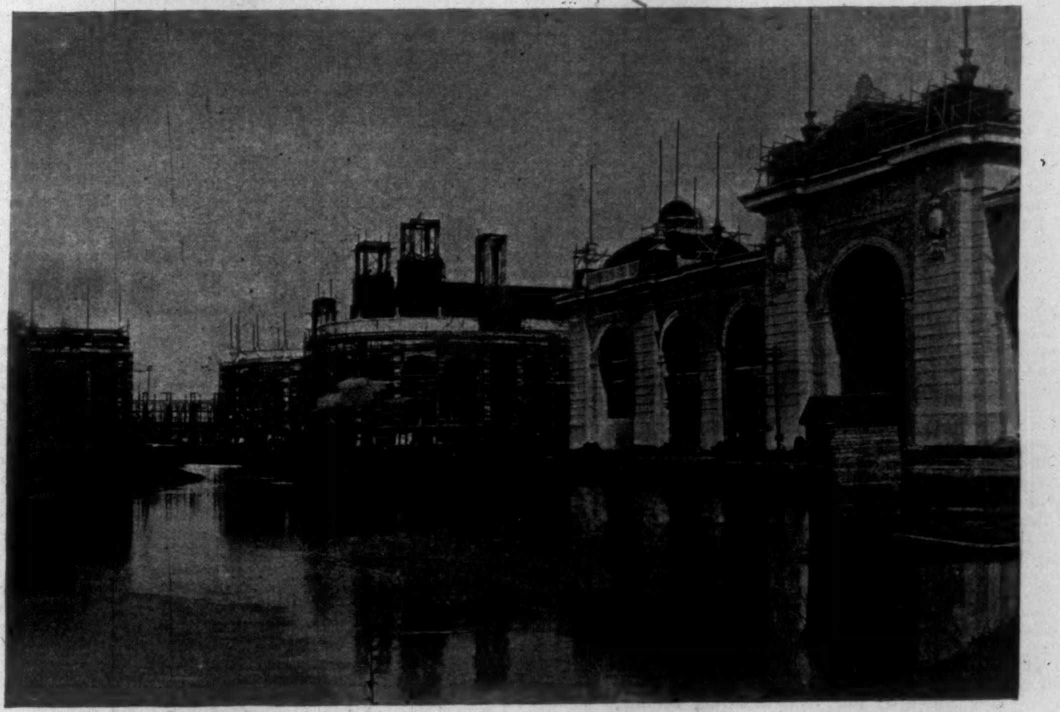
AL BUILDING.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. ELECTRICITY BUILDING. MINES AND MINING BUILDING.



BUILDING.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. ELECTRICITY BUILDING. MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

OURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 643.]

(Continued from page 643.)

taken by a certain construction toward the east. After they had walked (to the visitor's notion) the best part of a mile, the Eastern gentleman suddenly stopped, and gazing up at a great white wall before him, asked,

"What building is this?"

"The Horticultural Building," was the reply, and it fairly amazed the questioner, whose mind had not yet accustomed itself to the scale on which the fair had been built.

The Department of Construction believes that nearly all the exterior work of the fair will be finished by the 1st of October. At least the ceremonies for the dedication of the site and the buildings are fixed for that day, and these ceremonies will be quite imposing. Several of the great departments are already under roof, and the walls have been all fitted with the staff. But if these buildings strike the visitor as already completed in their exteriors, the superintendents know the reverse, for almost all of the decorations have yet to be put in place. The Forestry Building has been used as studios by the modellers, and its interior is fitted with the colossal statuary that will enhance the beauty of two or three of the larger halls.

It has been stated that the advances in the enterprise are visible every week, and this is true, whether the *ensemble* is viewed from the deck of a steamer floating on Lake Michigan and looking toward the west, or whether a closer inspection is made in the grounds. Progress has been made more swiftly on the buildings that lie nearest the western boundary of the grounds further from the lake shore. Here are the Woman's Building, which may be said to have been finished altogether, with the exception of the external covering; the Hall of Horticulture, with its great glass dome, grand pavilions, and immaculately white walls; the Mines and Mining Department, that is fully covered with staff placed against its walls during the months of the winter and the early spring; the Transportation Building, that is now in readiness for the heroic statuary prepared by Sculptor John J. Boyle, of Philadelphia, and his assistants from Paris; and near by this group a smaller group of buildings into which the offices of the construction department have been recently moved. Across the lagoon toward the north are the Fisheries, the Government, and the Illinois State buildings, and the Palace of the Fine Arts, on which the work is being rapidly carried forward.

In these two sections of the grounds there is every appearance of finish. The landscape-gardeners have not been idle, and the barren stretches of sandy soil have been filled in with rich earth, over which substantial sodding was placed during the early spring. The sod is now united, freshly sown seed has sprung up, and the lawns are full-grown and velvety. Glass has been placed in many of the windows, all the débris left by the constructors has been carted away, and if it were necessary several of the buildings toward the western limits of the grounds might be turned over to the exhibitors now.

Moving south from this point, the Administration Building, whose massive substructure was suggested by its lofty dome of grand ribs and noble proportions, comes into the view, sitting reposefully at the head of the grand court, whose canal sweeps glitteringly away between the heavy walls of the Agricultural Hall and the main building toward the peristyle and the lake. Near by is the Machinery Hall, and this group is in the midst of construction. They are building a pretty but strong bridge of iron over the lagoon here; and the whole picture, with the immense steel archways of the main building and the Machinery Hall, the clank of hammers, the puffing of steam-engines, and the smoke of the iron-workers' fires filling the spaces through the skeleton frame-works overhead, suggests industry at every turn.

What the beauty of the grand court will be when the last of the artisans pick up their tools and leave the grounds for good may be gathered from its growing and unfinished condition even now. Looking through its length from the peristyle, near the lake, to where the noble proportions of the Administration Building rise at the turn in the basin, the scheme in this section of the lay-out thrusts itself into the eye with striking picturesqueness, and arrests the gaze only to hold it fast in an admiration that is sincere all the way through. The vista even now, when the incongruities of the construction ask a generosity from the observer that is almost as wide as the subject itself, is unmixedly grand. On the south side of the court, however, near the Hall of Agriculture, the gardeners have been planting and cutting, and their handiwork gives us a key to the appearance of the scene when they have done. From this point of view the electric fountain, that will play before the main entrance of the Administration Building, is visible, but as yet only the foundations have been prepared.

Leaving the southern portion of the grounds and looking at the group from an extreme northern point of view, additional beauty is given the fair, for from this point the smoke of the construction in the south and the gauntness of the arches are softened by a preface of the completeness that prevails in the northern and western portions. Here from a bridge one may look down southwardly over the wooded island in the lagoon. The range of front presented by the Woman's Building, with its glistening white walls, the Horticultural Building, equally as white under its great dome, the finished Transportation Building and the Mines and Mining Building, all of them now ready for the brush of the stainer and the decorator, are not to be equalled even in fable. The palaces of India and their grand array of columns standing by the river-bank are in no wise comparable with the marvellous beauty and freshness of this scene. Indeed, to color these buildings, to wipe out the gorgeous line of pure white wall and frieze and angle and cornice with a distribution of color, however varied or harmonious, would seem now to be labor wasted; for the purity of these vast palaces of white seems a part of the design.

In this position—in the extreme north of the grounds, at a considerable elevation—almost the entire length of the fair is overlooked, and surely no other group of buildings in the world can offer such a sight. To stand at the stern of one of the large ocean liners and survey its great length of deck to the cut-water as the ship leans down with the swell is perhaps one of the most striking and impressive views the human eye has seen. It is not the absolute size of the fabric that awes us and makes us stand still, but it is the immensity of it as compared with the individual man, and the knowledge that its greatness is the work of man's genius, that make it wonderful. But no ship, however long and wide of beam, can compare for stirring up sentiment with this vista of the World's Fair, mass after mass of structure rising, pile after pile, in bewildering volume, until the eye loses itself away in the dark distance amid the domes and arched roofs of other buildings and series of buildings, whose purposes seem to be lost, with their own sharp outlines, in time as well as space.

Thousands of rain spouts lead down from the acres and acres of roofs of these buildings into the drain-pipes beneath the surface of the soil. The sewer system is perfect, and no amount of rain can embarrass it. The fair grounds will always be assured of a perfectly dry footing.

FORT LAFAYETTE.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK BAY.

FROM the grim black ports no guns look out
To guard the narrow ocean gate,
And a vine hath wrapped the fort about,
Investing it with royal state.

And the frowning, solemn, stately walls
Hold here and there a patch of moss,
While the sunlit image softened falls
Below where tideways roll and toss.

It seems no more like a thing of death,
Of terrible and awful scars;
For sweet nature winds a living wreath
To hide the rusted prison bars.

At the sunset hour it seems to be
A shadow of the coming night,
Wrought of the foam and mists of the sea,
To vanish with the break of light.

It stands as a sentinel to hail
The twilight ships which gently ride
With phantom crew and shadowy sail
Regardless of the wind and tide.

When the veil of mist rolls in from sea
The fort is seen in silhouette,
And a starlit banner seems to be
Flung far out from the parapet.

And the banner is the summer sky—
From North to South and East to West,
To distant lands it seems to fly
And wrap the world below in rest.

All strife is then but a mockery—
The tossing tideways never cease,
But their gentle murmur is to me
The watchword of the nation—*Peace.*

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS.

THE receptions at the White House in Washington are of great number and variety. The old-fashioned Presidents after the formal days of Washington and Adams were over, and the people had taken possession, were very democratic. Visitors to Washington were free of the President's mansion, and free of the President himself for that matter.

In these days of enormous pressure, when the time of the President is fully occupied by the business requirements of his office, he must be exclusive, and must shut himself in from the world. It was President Hayes, I think, who first fixed a day on which he would not see any one, not even a Congressional hunter after patronage. Usually, however, the President is accessible nearly every day in the week. Sometimes citizens who know Congressmen penetrate to the cabinet-room, where the President shakes hands with them and chats, the President finding it profitable to retain the good-will of the Congressman, and the Congressman, in turn, needing the countenance and support of the constituent with whom he bores the head of the nation.

Somewhere about the middle of the day the President goes down into the great East Room, and whatever crowd has gathered there stands about the really fine and dignified apartment and has its many hands honored with an Executive shake, while an occasional ear is blest with a sound of the Executive voice. Once in a while, on his diurnal round, the President is visibly gladdened by meeting a familiar face, and is evidently moved by the modesty and fine consideration that have induced this acquaintance, who probably really wants to show a kindly friendliness, to seek the public occasion, and to avoid intruding upon his working hours. If such a self-restrained and retiring man secures an invitation to dinner, he receives no more than his just reward.

The evening receptions at the White House are now card receptions. Mr. Hayes used to let in the world on Saturday evenings, but the world took so liberal an advantage of his hospitality, and worked so much havoc to the Executive Mansion and to its own persons and garments, that there are now few evening receptions for which personal invitations are not issued, the world being compelled to take advantage of the daily noonday greeting, or to the Saturday afternoon receptions of Mrs. President.

Mr. Reinhart has illustrated a reception for which cards have been issued. There are four of these each winter that may be described as regular. These are to the diplomatic corps, to the judiciary, to the officers of the army and navy, and to the Congress. Of course there are other receptions. Sometimes a scientific, a commercial, or a medical congress is held in Washington, and the President deems it to be his duty to invite the delegates to view the President and a few of his friends. But the great, regular, social events at the White House, aside from the formal state dinner parties, are the four that have been named.

Everybody goes to them, the particular guests at one being the general guests at the others. At their own reception the members of the diplomatic corps wear their uniforms, and there is much complaint on the part of some of the guests that they do not also wear them at the other receptions. The officers of the army and navy are necessarily in uniform at each of the four.

The crowd is invariably enormous. The line of carriages of arriving guests reaches from the White House porch down the long circular driveway of the grounds, out of the gate, down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the Treasury, around the corner, and down Fifteenth Street towards the Washington Monument. A late arrival will easily consume an hour in crawling from one end of the line to the porch. Then when the door is reached, and the wearied but expectant burdens of the carriage are discharged, they find themselves in a pack of human beings that is almost terrifying. It seems impossible that this good-natured crowd should be able to make its way through the single door into the White House. Sometimes the police make way for a belated distinguished guest; sometimes a window is opened, and ladies are handed into receiving hands. The crowd inside the doors is as great as that outside, and the progress from the porch across the vestibule, up the stairway, and down again is so slow that sometimes the receiving party is no longer receiving when the last comers enter the Blue Room, and is so painful that the attempt to get in is often abandoned, and is never repeated except by those who must and by those who have no glimpse of any of the glories of social life except at these receptions. As the crowd moves on, it chats and jokes. The ripping and tearing of garments are heard. The carefully arranged hair of the women is tumbled. The crowd has occasionally to make way for a fainting woman. Twice as many people go to these receptions as are asked. A man or woman who is bound to go to a White House reception has no modesty or conscience, so that intruders are many. The heat is suffocating, and usually the crowd is expected to pour into and out of this huge humming hive of torment through one doorway. Any one who gets into the rooms, however, will find that comfort increases as the crowded ways of ingress and egress are left behind, for the White House is an ample building, and can hold a small army on its lower floors.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

TWELVE MINUTES ABROAD.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

AFTER endeavoring in vain to open the front door, and dimly wondering whether I had not gone up the wrong steps, I found that the shape of the escutcheon demanded the key right side up, and the discovery gave me a nervous shock. I paused and considered. I had certainly not been drinking, though a policeman who was standing opposite must have thought my actions odd, for he had stopped in his walk and was regarding me curiously. "I don't see how I can manage it," I said aloud, when I had got inside, and then I knew that what had confused me was the question which Miss Grace Ackland had lightly put to me that evening, and the reflections which had supervened. It was not much that she had said; I had never met her before, and it seemed strange that so simple a thing should have taken all my wits into its possession. Then I knew what had happened to me, and felt all of a sudden as a house must feel when after many years of supposing that it owned not only itself, but the family that have grown up in it—grandfather, father, and grandson—it suddenly finds that it has been mortgaged for its full value to a stranger. Miss Ackland and I had been talking in the light and airy way which people who can't think what in the world to say, considering that they know nothing whatever of each other's tastes or lives, are sure to assume, casting about like a drowning man for something to lay hold of; when she had said, "When were you abroad last, Mr. Cooper?" And when I was obliged to answer that I had never been abroad at all, I had seen a little expression of what some would have called mild surprise, but which I knew was contempt, flit across her face—that face that I had never seen before! I felt as if somehow I had been to blame in not going. I knew that circumstances had been against me, that I had been working on a salary which, though steadily increased as the years went on, had not been more than enough to take care of the old place for my mother, who had just gone to a homestead far away. But I saw plainly now that I should have fought and conquered circumstances. Any man who was worthy of the name would have done so to have spared Miss Ackland that disappointment. Why, I would have blacked boots at a street corner in commission of a drinking saloon to have given her a moment's pleasure, and now it was too late. A stanza hidden in my memory for years had sprung at once into persistent repetition in my heart:

"Men commonly but ask,
'When shall I end my task?'
But seeing thee come in,
'Tis, 'When shall I begin?'
Such power doth beauty bring
To take from toil its sting."

I had become suddenly silent. I fancy I must have behaved singularly, for I had seen her look with wonder at me. This had only made it worse. I had pretended to see somebody on the other side of the room who claimed my immediate attention, had said a hasty good-evening to the hostess, and plunging into the dressing-room for coat and hat—neither of which seemed to fit—had walked back to my boarding-house so absorbed in revolving schemes for going to Europe that, as I said, the key would not fit the lock any more than the hat, which was digging into both sides of my aching head, would fit my skull.

I woke next morning with a fixed purpose stringing up my nerves. I must go to Europe, and that as soon as possible. Who knew what might happen before I could return? Who knew what might happen even before I could go? Would the firm give me a little vacation? I had not asked for an extra one in twenty years. And how long would it take me? I had money enough; that was not the trouble. What tore me with feverish anxiety was the time. I don't know what I had for breakfast that morning; I think I must have taken cold the evening before, for I had lost my sense of taste. I walked down town, stopping at every book-stand on the way, and tossing over the books till I found Bradshaw's Railway Guide, for which I paid—I don't know how much. I know that my cash account was wofully out of the way that afternoon when I balanced it in the elevated cars on my way up town. But I, who had always been so correct in even my own private accounts, did not care. I only know that Mr. Stimpson or Mr. Co.—I don't remember which—had looked at me in a singular manner when I proffered my request for a short vacation, had said something about my devotion to the business, and the need of tonics in the spring—something which reminded me of an advertisement I had seen on a fence as I came in—had shaken hands with me, and given me a conditional promise that I should have a little let-off, now that the main load of the spring business was over, and that I had been down to the office of several steamship lines, had in my coat pocket the circulars of all of them, and was on my way to a quiet room, where I could consider my plans.

My cold seemed to hold on during the dinner, which was not very good and interminably long, but I finally locked the door of my own room, and sat down at my table comparatively happy. At any rate, now I could do something, and not be forced to remain in the horrible inaction in which I had spent the day. Of course I knew that I should run some risk as to the time of the voyage, but I had to know as nearly as I could the time—wasted time—which would be necessarily spent on the ocean, and I bent me to my work. I averaged and averaged with all the industry of a political economist till I was as sure of the probabilities as one could be, and had made up my mind as to the lines to be most depended on, and then I turned to the tables of tides and the memoranda which I had secured from the steamship people as to hours of sailing. My employer had finally said that I had better begin my vacation without delay, not waiting for the drummers to come in from our western district—I had feared that I might be detained on that account—so I could decide at once. So many days and hours over—I had to take some risk on the minutes—and so many back! The steamer *Etruria* was to start in three days. I turned to my Bradshaw, and floundered about in that till I found the time of starting of the swift train from Liverpool to London, and the time at which I could return to Liverpool for the steamer of another line which was to sail the next day. As far as I could calculate, I should have about twelve minutes in London. That would be enough, at any rate, to say that I had been there. But just here, as I leaned back with a sigh of relief, a tormenting thought struck me—I must surely have some relatives in England, nay, in London itself, and why not see some of them? Then I should add a pleasure to the report I could bring back, by saying that I had run over to see my relatives. Of course I must have some; every man whose ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* is sure of that; but who were they, and how many, and where should I find them? What were my chances? I seized my *Patronymica Britannica* from the shelf. Why was not my name Smith, for then I should have had one chance in every seventy-three people? But then I reflected that Miss Ackland might not like the name of Smith, and was consoled. I ran rapidly down the column of names—Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts (should I never find Cooper?), Johnson, Wilson, Robinson, Wright (with a number record of 293; Wright would not be so bad a name), Wood, Thompson, Hall, Walker, Green (how the figures were mounting up!), Hughes, Edwards, Lewis, White (one in 323), and then made a desperate dash with my finger as I caught sight of Cooper, and scarcely dared to look at the number opposite. Yes, there it stood—Cooper, 380. I had then only one in 380 chances! My heart sank. But as I caught sight of the next name below—Harrison—with the figures 390, a cheering thought shot through me. That was a good omen, for were not those two numbers the dates of Marathon and Salamis? If the Greeks could win there against such opposing odds, why not I? But was it 390? If I had only taken more pains at school with my dates! I sat down and pressed my hands on my head, trying to collect my thoughts, as does the man who, walking confidently in a trailless forest, suddenly perceives a tiny stream running in a direction different from that in which he had expected water to flow. I must hold on to myself; I must orient myself. For a moment I kept my mind clear of any thought, and then began slowly to repeat in order the dates of my Grecian history: "Trojan War, uncertain; First Olympiad, 776 B.C.—the teacher always used to make us say B.C. Yes, that was right, because the Declaration of Independence was 1776." Now I could see my way, and went on slowly but surely: "Battle of Marathon, 490 B.C.; Battle of Salamis, 480 B.C."

Then it was 490! But, after all, the hundreds figure made very little difference. It was 90 and 80 anyway, and the omens were good. Since I was not to conquer in the name of Smith or Jones, I would conquer in that of Cooper. Now for the London Directory. What a good man Mr. Astor must have been to create a library in which one could find all sorts of books! I seized hat and coat, hurried down to Lafayette Place, and racing up the outer steps of the Astor Library, nearly stove in my hat against the door. It was worse than the one I had vainly tried to open the night before. I could not move it with all my force, and then I remembered that that library had been founded for the sole benefit of those who had nothing to do, and was not for clerks and busy people. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon. I suppose Mr. Astor always had plenty of time himself, and so did not realize that other people had evenings only, and not afternoons and leisurely mornings. I ran to the Mercantile, which was probably located in the vicinity of the Astor with charitable views, and after reaching the counter, found that it was necessary to be a subscriber, and so subscribed at once, for time was running away, and sat down with my directory. It was lucky that I could write fast, for the list of Coopers was quite long enough, and I had to take down the occupations too, as it would be necessary to know what my people were doing; and the addresses, so that I could get at them. By the time I had the list nearly all noted down, the library closed; but it was no matter. I rode back to save time, and hastily going over the names, and bringing all my business acumen to bear, selected sixteen of the most promising, belonging, as I thought, to "the mean and sure estate," and wrote letters to each one of those men, saying briefly to him that I was coming to London to visit my relatives, and that if he could make it convenient to meet me at the station upon the arrival of such a train, it might be for the advantage of both. It is astonishing how much thicker than water is blood! I began to picture to myself, as I wrote, how these men would appear, and what they would say. I should overlook their English accent, I thought—I must be sure to do that so as not to embarrass them—and the meeting would be very pleasant, though somewhat hurried. I had not time for much fancy, for the last mail collection was at 11 P.M. But I did get them all done, and they would catch the morning's steamer—I had made sure of that. Unfortunately I had no five-cent stamps, and my one-cent ones had run out, so that I was obliged to put on each three two-cent stamps; but, after all, that, I thought, conveyed an idea of a richness of materials which would be likely to impress favorably my good English cousins, and I slid the sixteen letters into the box at the top just as the carrier unlocked it at the bottom.

Was there anything else that I ought to do that night? I sat down to think, for I did not want to remember afterwards that there had been any little thing, no matter how small, that I had omitted to serve her. Nothing, I believe, except to clear up the chaotic clutter on my table. "I am sure," I thought, "that all her belongings are in order, and that she likes them so, and even if she never know it, it will be a comfort to me that I have stopped, now when I am really tired, to do what she would like if she were here." So I cleared up the whole table, which, after all, was not absolute chaos, for everything on it had been put there with one dominating thought, and went to sleep, satisfied that I had done all I could.

Morning again! It is certainly a great comfort, when we want time to go, that we can depend upon the sun's being shoved along just so fast without our aid or even thought. A day of hurrying, driving business, accounts settled, my letter of credit secured for the total amount of my savings, and then dinner and dressing, for I must call on Miss Ackland before I went. Everything was very pleasant there; both she and my hostess of the reception, with whom she was staying, were agreeable and a little concerned about my health, as they had feared that something had been out of the way with me two nights before. Then they had not forgotten me! I said nothing of my near departure, because I wanted to surprise her when I returned, and ran back to my boarding-house to pack my trunk, settle my little affairs, and to sleep, after making my will, in case anything should happen to me before my return. There was not much of value to leave her, but perhaps she could use some of the books, and would like the etchings. I was a little late at the store the next day, as I had to wait till the safe-deposit company was open to secure a box and put the will away where it would be safe, but no one blamed me. Everybody at the store seemed to be uncommonly kind that day; and as for me, it seemed as if I never wanted to do so much for them as then. I don't know why that was, but I am sure it was so. I had to go on board that night, as the steamer sailed at an unearthly hour the next morning; but everything went straight, and when I waked we were already a good distance down the harbor. As for the voyage, which took almost exactly the time that I had counted on, there is nothing to say, except that it struck me what a very stupid person Columbus must have been not to take the three-thousand-mile-broad hint furnished him by the Atlantic that America was never intended for the Aryans to live in. Then came the yellow of the gorse on the Irish coast, and finally Liverpool, with forty-one minutes to spare before the starting of the train for London. I took a cab to the office of the steamer to sail the next afternoon early—how well everything was turning out!—and succeeded in securing one of the officers' rooms for the return trip, being forced to this extra outlay on account of an unusual number of passengers. This was an expense I had not counted on, but it did not matter in comparison with any delay in seeing her again.

So far, everything had gone exactly right, but just as I was leaving the office, a messenger came hurriedly in, and the clerk, after listening to him, added, "I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but word has just come that on account of some necessary repairs to the engine, we shall not sail till twenty-four hours later." Twenty-four hours! What could I possibly do with twenty-four hours in London? It was really a problem which I felt myself unable to solve; but my cab was waiting, and I should lose the train, so I said nothing, and employed the time of the swift journey in trying to arrange a plan of action. At any rate, I should find some one waiting for me at the station, and that would be pleasant. But really in the confusion there, what with cabmen and porters and excited passengers, I did not succeed in finding any of my friends, though I looked carefully. This was a little too bad considering the amount of time I had to dispose of, but I had the satisfaction of seeing the train to Liverpool start just twelve minutes after my arrival, and so knew that we had been on time.

Now what was to be done? My cabman wanted to know where he should drive, and it became necessary to come to some conclusion; so pulling out the crumpled list of my relatives, I decided the question by taking the square root of the square root of the total number of names I had, and gave him the address of Mr. William Cooper, the second name on my list. I had never before been so impressed with the size of London; the way seemed interminable, and the roar of the street was louder than that I hear from my window in the direction of Fifth Avenue, even counting in the elevated trains on the other side. But I was using up just so much of those dreadful twenty-four hours, and so I was thankful. When the cab stopped at the door of a very comfortable-looking house, and a servant-maid in the neatest of caps opened the door, I should have sent my card up, but was prevented, in the Scripture sense, from doing so by a pleasant-faced elderly man, who ran forward to meet me with both hands outstretched, saying as he did so:

"So sorry not to meet you, my boy, but business kept me; I could not help it, and I had no one to send. And then I felt sure you would come straight here. But how very queer that you should have written me exactly when you did! I had just made up my mind to send a note of inquiry to some of you, but I should have sent to Boston, you know, and so should have missed you."

After all, the English accent was not so bad to hear in London as I had found it in New York, and though expecting a more formal reception, I had strength enough to control my surprise and to suffer myself to be led into a small well-lighted dining-room, where I was presented to Mrs. Cooper, and where I was made to sit down at once, in a hearty American way, to make myself comfortable.

Mr. Cooper could not wait for ceremony, but went on: "And how did you remember about me? You were a little chap when I ran away. And dear Uncle Richard and Uncle George—they must be dead long ago, and never knew, after all their kindness to me when my parents died, that I was not dead, and that I did care for them. It did not look so." And here his voice trembled a little, and the whole quality of it changed as if a trombone should suddenly grow into a violoncello. "But Cousin Henry is perhaps alive, and Cousin Adeline, and my dear old aunt? Oh no! What a fool I am! And what about the Charlestown people? You must know. And sister Sarah and brother Joe? How glad they will be to hear that I am all right at last, even if I did give them so much trouble and anxiety! Is the old house in Kingston Street with the square parlor still standing? It is so queer that you should be the first one to find me out, for, do you know, the very night before I left them all, never to see them again, you had come to your grandfather's to tea—that was my uncle, you know—and you were sitting on the floor under the square table in the middle of the room, looking at me as I stood in front of the soft-coal fire, with my hands behind my back, and you were staring up at me as Uncle George, who was sitting at the other table in the corner next to the 'long parlor,' looked up from his paper and said: 'So you are eighteen years old, Will. Bless me, how time does go!' And I stood there with my legs spread wide apart, and looked at them all, and they did not know how ungrateful I was going to be, and I looked down at you, a little shaver, on the rug, and rejoiced in my manliness, and that I was not a little boy any longer. How it all comes back to me! And they never knew how sorry I was afterwards, and how often in India I longed to let them know that the orphan to whom they had all been so kind was not dead, and meant to come back some time when he had done something for himself and was not entirely ashamed of himself!" And here the old gentleman's voice broke altogether, and his wife stole up to his side and kissed his forehead.

I was as if in a dream, and could not persuade myself that anything was real. I am afraid that for one minute I forgot Miss Ackland, for he was talking of things and people that I too remembered! It was my big, generous-hearted grandfather of whom he had spoken, and it was my old-bachelor uncle George, of whom all we children were so fond, and it was my pretty aunt Addie that was his cousin. And I, too, remembered one evening when I had sat in the fire-light on the rug, with the green table-cloth hanging down in front of my eyes, playing that I was in a tent, and had looked up to my big, handsome cousin William standing in front of the fire, with his strong and mighty legs far apart and his hands behind his back, and had heard Uncle George say, in his cheery voice, the very words this man had repeated a moment before. This was worse than trying to put the key in upside down. I must be drunk or dreaming. I must certainly go straight to Dr. Keeley as soon as I got back to America; and then he would keep me many weeks, and by that time Miss Ackland would have finished her visit in New York, and she would never know how I had come to England to please her. But was I in England, and who was I? I had oriented myself to no purpose, after all, it seemed. I had better have gone West; but then she had not asked me how long it was since I had been to California! To think that a mere turn of a phrase like that should have made such a difference!

"My dear little boy," Mr. William Cooper went on, "and to think that you should have found me out!" And then he came and kissed me.

I sat still and tried to understand it all while he went on, telling how he had run away and gone to England, and had a fine time till his money gave out, and then how he had been ashamed to write for help, and had been forced to enlist in the army, had been sent to India, had served out his time, married a comely, sensible English girl, love for whom had kept him straight all those years of soldier life, gone into business in a small way there on his and her money, and had finally made enough to live on in a decent land, and had settled down in England; but although longing all the time to let the people at home know that he was not dead and was sorry, how he had been too much ashamed to do so till, persuaded by his wife and the tenderness that came with advancing years, he had at last desperately just made up his mind to write and inquire if perchance some of the younger generation had remembered him, when he had received my letter. All this with a pathetic clinging to me and a steady gazing into my face, as if hoping to catch some expression of the faces that had been in the "square parlor" that evening.

I could not find it in my heart to undeceive him, and to say that this had been all chance, if there be any such thing, and not my affectionate family remembrance.

"And now," he said, "I will do everything for you I can. How long can you stay?"

I hesitated; then I thought of Miss Ackland very strongly, and answered that I must return the next day; in fact very early the next day.

"My dear boy, are you crazy? What is the matter?" they both exclaimed; and they would hear nothing of all I might say till, driven to bay by the questions showered on me, and emboldened by Mrs. Cooper's sweet face, I finally, with many pauses, told them the whole long story of my meeting with Miss Ackland, adding, with a deceit which I hoped the recording angel would, with his prophetic insight, count as truth, that I had come over for some business of hers which would not bear delay, and that I had made use of this opportunity to see if he were indeed my cousin who had disappeared when I had been too young to miss him. I had not been mistaken in Mrs. Cooper's face. She understood at once, and made it all right with her husband, who was not quite so quick of intuition, though just as sympathetic.

I was put to bed in the sweetest of lavender-scented sheets, where I slept as soundly as one could expect after so varied a day, and was called very early in the morning by the violoncello voice. Breakfast, and many urgencies that I would come back soon, and then a four-wheeler took me to the terminus, and though I had missed any one to meet me when I came the day before, I had many farewells and good wishes to speed me on my departure. I leaned back in the carriage with such a feeling of leisure and of duty well performed! And now my face was set towards her; there was only the ocean between us, and every day that grew less and less, in spite of the head-winds into which we plunged as soon as we were fairly on our way. After all, what difference did a little more or less time make to me? Time was surely of no use when I was not with her, and of no account when I was, so in the end it was all one. Then that abominable Statue of Liberty hove in sight, and the next thing I knew I was walking Broadway on my way up town.

The first thing I did after dinner was to run over to Charley Edwards's house to return him his hat, and to Jim Lovell's to exchange coats with him. I had found out whose they were by a card in one and the tailor's legend on the other on my way down to the *Etruria* that afternoon, but it was then too late to make the exchange, and it was a matter which had troubled me all the way over, and may have had something to do with my loss of appetite on the voyage. Then I dressed and went to call on Miss Ackland.

Everything looked so natural that I could hardly persuade myself that I had not seen her every evening, and when she asked me if it had not been a long time since I had called, I gathered up all my force to prevent my voice from trembling, and said, in the most careless way, that I had just come back from England, where I had been to see some relatives of mine.

"Oh dear," she exclaimed; "that is really too bad! Now you were delightful before, because you were the only man I knew who had not been abroad, and here you have gone and put yourself among the rest of the world!"

I think if at that moment there had been a reward offered by the Academy of Medicine for a demonstration of the exact location of the pneumogastric nerve or any particular nervous ganglion, I could have taken it. I sank down on the nearest chair, and as she really looked frightened, I made a great effort, and managed to say, "Why, I went only to please you."

Then there was silence for the space of about the time I had spent in London, and I saw her whole face change slowly, slowly, through a whole gamut of different emotions, till she said, softly, and with a sort of gasp between the words, as if in a dream,

"You—went—only—to—please—me!" And then another twenty-four hours of silence passed.

It was owing solely to the persistent and steady conforming to schedule time of the heavenly bodies to which I have before referred that that evening did finally draw to an end. But it was all right, and not a mistake, after all. In the summer I ventured to ask for another vacation, which was a little longer, and which we spent in London with dear old Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, and brought them back with us on our return to see some of the people he had asked about both in Boston and in Charlestown. The old house in Kingston Street I could not show him, though this seemed to disappoint him no more than many other things in Boston, but before he went back he bought the store that now stands on the old site, and had the deed made out in my wife's name. Reference to the tax-collector's lists of the city will sufficiently confirm the truth of the story I have told to any who may doubt its probability.

Thirty Million Dollars Saved!

By reducing the premium rates charged to members to harmonize with the payments to the widows and orphans for death claims. More than Thirty Million Dollars have already been saved to the members of the

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

READ ITS RECORD:

$1,150,000	Paid in Death Claims since Jan. 1, 1892, more than Half a Million Dollars having been paid to the widows and orphans within the past Sixty Days.
$13,051,638.09	A Grand Total of $13,051,638.09 paid by this Association to the widows and orphans and beneficiaries of its deceased members.
$5,283,444.00	of insurance has been received during the past month, May, 1892, showing an increase over the amount during May, 1891, of $1,030,844.00.
$24,124,594.00	Applications for Insurance amounting to $24,124,594.00 have been received from Jan. 1 to June 1, 1892, an excess of nearly $4,000,000.00 over the corresponding period of 1891.
$225,000,000.00	The Total Business in Force foots up over $225,000,000.00.
$3,247,893.31	The Cash Surplus Reserve Fund now amounts to $3,247,893.31.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION

FURNISHES LIFE INSURANCE at about ONE HALF the usual rates charged by the old-system companies. It has excellent POSITIONS to offer in its AGENCY DEPARTMENT in every City, Town, and State to experienced and successful business men. Send to the Home Office for Prospectus.

HOME OFFICE is "POTTER BUILDING," 38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

E. B. HARPER, President.

O. D. BALDWIN, Vice-President.
HENRY J. REINMUND, Second Vice-President, Ex-Supt. Ins. Dept., Ohio.
J. D. WELLS, Third Vice-President.
F. A. BURNHAM, Counsel.
E. F. PHELPS, Comptroller.
F. T. BRAMAN, Secretary.
L. L. SEAMAN, M.D., Med. Supervisor.
JOHN W. VROOMAN, Treasurer.
G. R. McCHESNEY, Ass't Compt.
J. W. BOWDEN, M.D., Med. Director.
CENTRAL TRUST CO., Trustee.

OFFICIAL EXAMINATIONS.

The Association has been officially examined, and certificates of indorsement given by the following Insurance Departments and experts:

1. By the Insurance Department of New York in 1885.
2. By the Insurance Department of Ohio in 1886.
3. By the Insurance Department of Michigan in 1886.
4. By the Insurance Department of Wisconsin in 1887.
5. By the Insurance Department of Minnesota in 1887.
6. By the Insurance Department of Rhode Island in 1887.
7. By the Insurance Department of Missouri in 1888.
8. By the Insurance Department of Colorado in 1889.
9. By the Insurance Department of West Virginia in 1889.
10. By the Insurance Department of North Dakota in 1891.
11. By the late Hon. Elizur Wright, ex-Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in 1883.
12. By Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., Chartered Accountants, London, E.C., 1889.

Each of the above Insurance Departments officially certifies that the books and accounts of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association are correctly kept; that its management is intelligent and upright, and that every honest death claim has been promptly paid in full.

(Reports may be had upon application.)

"**The Association's System of premiums is exactly as regular as the level-premium system.** Each class of company does something which the other does not, and each class of company is deserving of patronage for the goods it has to sell.

"AUG. F. HARVEY, Actuary, Missouri Insurance Department."

A PARTIAL LIST OF DEATH CLAIMS PAID BY THE Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

Within the Past Ninety (90) Days.

NAME OF DECEASED.	RESIDENCE.	AMOUNT.
Dr. Edmund F. Garrett,	Germantown, Penn. -	$5,000
Albert S. Odell,	Yonkers, N. Y. - -	15,000
Frederick S. Greene,	Coxsackie, N. Y. - -	5,000
John J. Denike,	Peekskill, N. Y. - -	5,000
Henry A. Ross,	Philadelphia, Penn. - -	10,000
Bernard Rubens,	Mexico, Mo. - -	10,000
Orlando L. Stewart,	Brooklyn, N. Y. - -	5,000
Robert Morrison,	St. Louis, Mo. - -	5,000
Louis E. Hastings,	Indianapolis, Ind. - -	5,000
Robert M. Clarke,	Panola, Ga. - -	10,000
Theron W. Peck,	Milwaukee, Wis. - -	10,000
Daniel Morrison,	Curryville, N. B. - -	5,000
Michael C. Shanley,	Portchester, N. Y. - -	10,000
Edward S. Willis,	Stapleton, N. Y. - -	5,000
John E. Jones,	Jersey City, N. J. - -	5,000
Christian S. Ebersole,	Norristown, Penn. - -	5,000
Simeon T. Clark,	Lockport, N. Y. - -	5,000
William J. Mallady,	San Francisco, Cal. - -	7,500
Henry G. Dexter,	San Leandro, Cal. - -	10,000
James H. Prentice,	Saginaw, Mich. - -	5,000
Erby Boyd,	Cleveland, Tenn. - -	5,000
George Le Fevre,	Baltimore, Md. - -	6,000
Charles P. Wescott,	Rocklin, Cal. - -	5,000
George M. Jones,	Covington, Ky. - -	5,000
Alexander H. Cowen,	St. Louis, Mo. - -	10,000
Patrick Gallagher,	Govanstown, Md. - -	10,000
Charles Meyran,	Pittsburg, Penn. - -	20,000
John Hall,	New York City - -	25,000
Justus S. Hiscock,	New York City - -	10,000
George W. Middleton,	Brooklyn, N. Y. - -	10,000
Jacob Tugendrich,	Nashville, Tenn. - -	10,000
James S. Carruthers,	Memphis, Tenn. - -	10,000
Martin L. Straus,	Baltimore, Md. - -	10,000
Francis W. Noble,	Detroit, Mich. - -	10,000
Anson P. K. Safford,	New York City - -	15,000
John H. Bonn,	Hoboken, N. J. - -	15,000
William B. Brown,	Marblehead, Mass. - -	5,000
Jacob Hecht,	Baltimore, Md. - -	15,000
Richard C. Brandies,	New York City - -	5,000
William E. Hinchman,	New York City - -	5,000
Shadwell H. Clerke,	London, England (£1,000)	4,870
F. W. Baetzel,	Rochester, N. Y. - -	10,000
Moses Wentheimer,	San Francisco, Cal. - -	10,000
Various other claims paid during past ninety (90) days - - - - - - - - - - - - - -		291,000
Total claims paid past ninety days - -		**$664,370**

PRINCE OF WALES.

The family of a friend of the PRINCE OF WALES receives $5000 from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Two years ago Col. Shadwell H. Clerke, a warm personal friend of the heir to the British throne, and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England [of which the Prince of Wales is Grand Master], became a member of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. A short time since Col. Clerke died, and his family has already received Five Thousand Dollars from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, the full face of the policy. The total payments by Mr. Clerke were less than $100.

The following is the copy of acknowledgment of cheque by Col. Clerke's executor in payment of this claim:

COPY.

14 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn,
London, Eng., 18th May, 1892.

Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in stating that I, as executor under the will of the late Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, have this day received payment in full of the policy effected by him in your office.

It seems that by some oversight the Annual Dues payable in September, 1891, were not paid; but your Association never raised any difficulty on this score, although the policy was in force for less than a year. It is true that subsequent Mortuary Calls were received in respect of the policy, which, according to English law, amounts to a waiver of the forfeiture, but the circumstance might have been laid hold of as a pretext for delay.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
(Signed) AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE.

Edwin R. Spiers, Esq., F.S.S.,
Comptroller British Department Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

Manitou.

Table Water.

One of the remarkable features of these waters is the amount of FREE CARBONIC-ACID GAS they contain, the bubbling of which can be heard many feet away. A glassful of water dipped from the spring has ALL THE EFFERVESCENCE of the best brands of champagne. Herein lies its GREAT VIRTUE AS A TABLE WATER.

This peculiar and lasting effervescence, together with its other mineral properties, acts as a most EXCELLENT APPETIZER and remedy for INDIGESTION OR DYSPEPSIA, and as a curative for many other ailments.

These waters are bottled JUST AS THEY FLOW FROM THE EARTH, AND SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY. EVERY BOTTLE is put UP AT THE SPRING; therefore our customers can be assured that what they receive is the PURE MINERAL SPRING WATER.

Ginger Champagne.

NON-ALCOHOLIC.

A perfect Summer beverage, prepared, after our own special formula, from the waters of the famous "Manitou" effervescent spring, with an absolutely pure Ginger extract obtained direct from the root. It is a most delicious and exhilarating beverage, and, being heavily charged with natural gas taken from the "Manitou" Spring, it sparkles for hours after being uncorked. The sale of this article is increasing very rapidly on its merits. It is superior to the ordinary Ginger Ales for all purposes that that article is used for. Try the "Manitou" Ginger Champagne once, and you will use it always.

Packed in cases of 50 Quarts. 24 Quarts. 100 Pints. 48 Pints. Convenient forms for Dealer and Consumer.

The Trade supplied by the following Agencies:

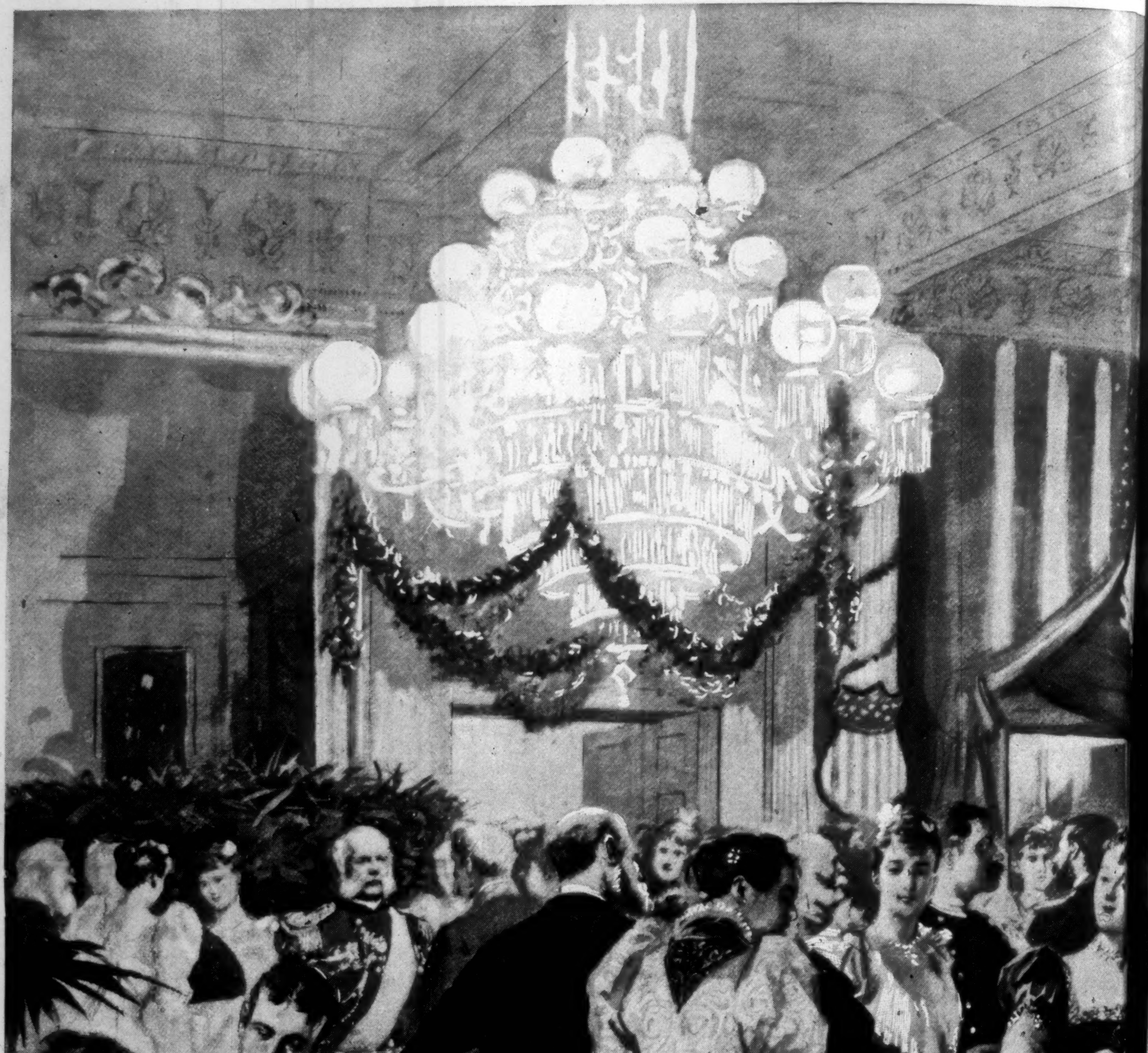
Albany, N. Y.—J. Y. Read.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Geo. C. Haman.
Cheyenne, Wyo.—Idelman Bros.
Colorado City, Colo.—Jacob Becker.
Deming, N. M.—Albert Landauer.
Eddy, N. M.—Eddy Drug Co.
El Paso, Tex.—R. F. Johnson & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Thomas Martin.
Laredo, Tex.—Celestin Jagon.
Lincoln, Neb.—Raymond Bros. & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—H. Jevne.
New Braunfels, Tex.—Strewer Bros.
New Orleans, La.—F. Hollander & Co.
Oklahoma City, O. T.—D. Wolff & Co.
Ouray, Colo.—D. C. Hartwell & Co.
Pocatello, Idaho—R. J. Hayes.
Pueblo, Colo.—Geo. Jackson, Main St.
Reno, Nev.—H. J. Thyes.
Shreveport, La.—E. J. Leman.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Jones & Co.
Troy, N. Y.—J. J. Alden & Son.
Tucson, A. T.—L. Zeckendorf & Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Williams & England.
Weatherford, Tex.—J. L. Laing & Co.
Wichita, Kan.—Mahan Bros.
Albuquerque, N. M.—Frank & Eakin.
Austin, Tex.—I. Michelson & Bro., Board of Trade Building.
Beatrice, Neb.—P. B. Sprague, 509 Court St.
Boston, Mass.—S. S. Pierce & Co., Tremont St.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Faxon, Williams & Faxon, 391 and 393 Main St.
Chicago, Ill.—C. Jevne & Co., 110 and 112 Madison St.
Cincinnati, O.—The Bensinger Co., 256 Vine St.
Cleveland, O.—The Chandler & Rudd Co., 22 and 24 Euclid Ave.; also Stephen Buhrer, 64 and 66 Mervin St.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—The Shields-Morley Grocery Co., Cascade Ave.
Dallas, Tex.—E. Eppstein & Co., Sherman, Tex.
Denver, Colo.—The Manitou Mineral Water Co., 1317 Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich.—G. & R. McMillan & Co., 131 Woodward Ave.
Fort Smith, Ark.—Fellner Bros., Main St.
Fort Worth, Tex.—E. Eppstein & Co., Sherman, Tex.
Galveston, Tex.—Geo. Schneider & Co., cor. Center and Strand Sts.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—E. J. Herrick, 116 and 118 Monroe St.
Houston, Tex.—Theo. Keller, cor. Milam and Congress Sts.
Kansas City, Mo.—Carl Spengler Supply Co., 622 Delaware St.
Las Vegas, N. M.—Las Vegas Brewing Co.
Leadville, Colo.—Baer Bros., Harrison Ave.
Leavenworth, Kan.—Consol. Bottling Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. J. Semmes & Co., 297 Main St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—H. D. Sykes, 107 Wisconsin St.
Mobile, Ala.—Christian & Craft Crockery Co., 61 to 65 S. Commerce St.
New York City—Turle & Skidmore, 156 Franklin St.
Omaha, Neb.—Wm. Flemming & Co., 1401 Douglas St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mitchell, Fletcher & Co., cor. Chestnut and Twelfth.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Geo. K. Stevenson & Co., 43 and 45 Sixth Ave.
Providence, R. I.—R. L. Rose Co., 66 and 68 Weybosset St.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Hofheimer & Goldwater, Walker House Café.
San Antonio, Tex.—Meyer, Burgower & Voelcker, 2 E. Commerce St.
San Francisco, Cal.—California Bottling Co., 1407 to 1417 Eddy St.
Springfield, Mo.—Kirby & Peters, Kirby Arcade.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Ferd. Westheimer & Sons, 207 S. Third St.
St. Louis, Mo.—Meyer Bros. Drug Co., Clark Ave., Fourth St. and Broadway.
Stockton, Cal.—Kohlberg & Cavagnaro, 299 Main St.
Texarkana, Tex. and Ark.—E. Eppstein & Co., Sherman, Tex.
Waco, Tex.—E. Eppstein & Co., Sherman, Tex.
Washington, D. C.—Chas. Kraemer, 727 Seventh St., N. W.
Worcester, Mass.—E. T. Smith & Co., 4 to 14 Mulberry St.

FOREIGN AGENCIES.—Belize, British Honduras, C. A.—B. Cramer & Co. Chihuahua, Mexico.—Dale Bros & Co.

Wholesale Agencies in all leading cities.

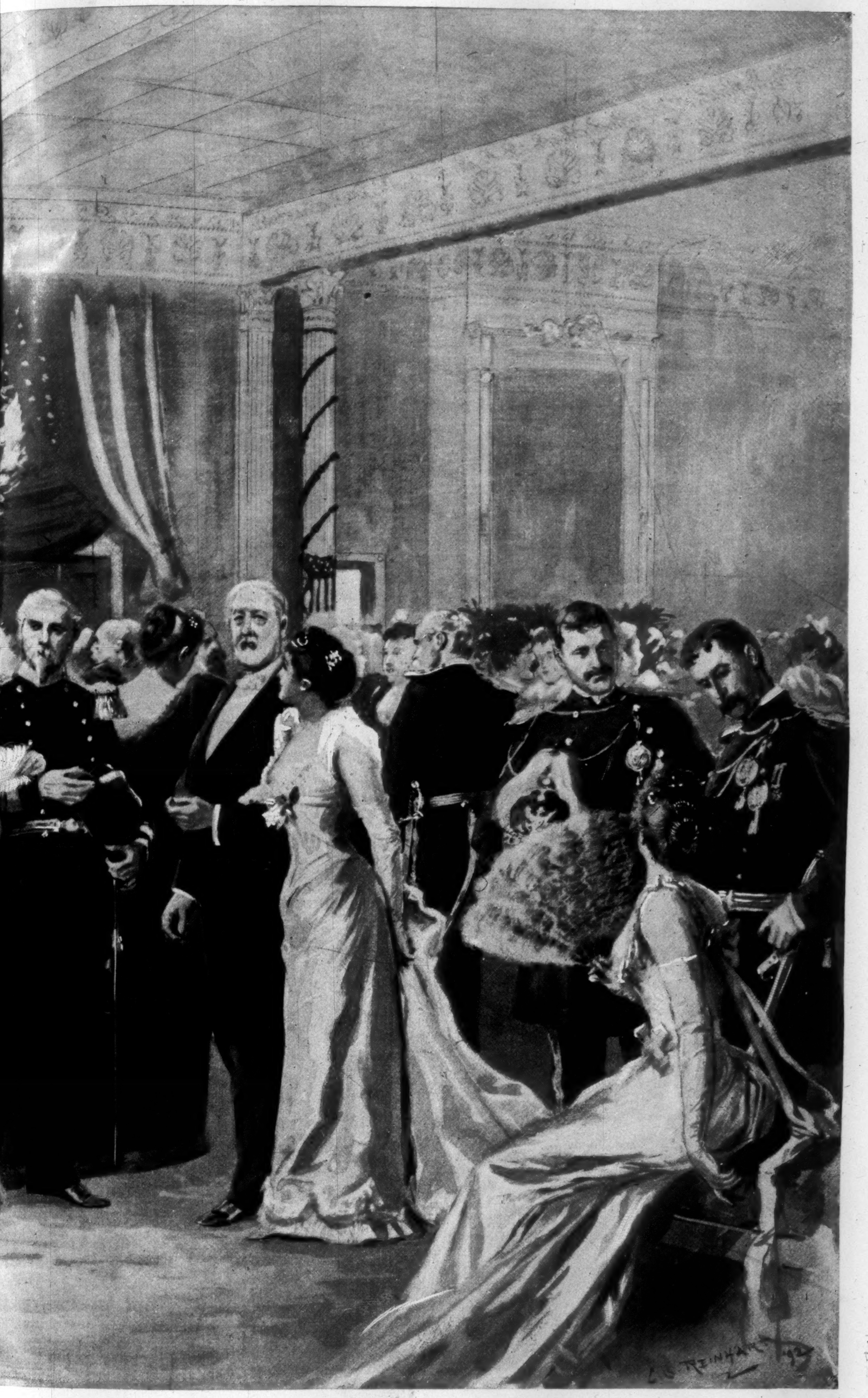
Consumers supplied by Druggists and Grocery Dealers everywhere.

5



SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, JULY 2, 1892.

A RECEPTION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY AT


C. S. REINHART '92

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

ITE HOUSE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 646.]